

# THE FORTNIGHTLY

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## THE BOUNDARIES OF FLIGHT.

BY H. E. WIMPERIS

IN his Presidential Address to the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1935, Professor Watts made the encouraging remark that the proportion of brain to body improved in those particular reptiles which took to flying, and those who to-day are engaged in one fashion or another in furthering this art hope very naturally that this improvement continues. The flying reptile gave place, it is true, to the bird, but this, according to Mr. Julian Huxley, is but an offshoot from a specially active reptile, possibly a dinosaur. The bird had merely to convert scales into feathers, a process which doubtless took time, but seems to have been completed forty or fifty million years ago, when all birds alike achieved the modern touch, and progressed no more. Man is the next successor in this line. His flying is still in its infancy, for it began but one single generation ago, and the essentially modern type of aeroplane less than seven years ago. It is strange in a sense that, with man's knowledge of the form of body and type of flight of such expert fliers as the albatross, his aeroplanes for so many years remained of the stick-and-wire type; not merely the very earliest ones, where it was perhaps inevitable, and in any case where speeds were slow, but for years later. It must, I think, be attributed to the war mentality in its effect on aeroplane design. For warlike purposes so many gadgets of various sorts had to be carried outside the fuselage that anything like streamlining would have been effort thrown away. The military mind withdrew gradually from its approval of these excrescences, and the aeroplane now vies in cleanness of design with the albatross itself.

Flying is achieving fresh wonders in such rapid succession that the ordinary man may be forgiven if he fails to see any



reason why this seemingly endless progression should ever stop. It is worth considering, therefore, what, if any, natural boundaries there may be to human flight, and, if such exist, whereabouts they are likely to be found. To take a simple analogy, there are obvious geographical limits to the swimming of a fish. It cannot swim at a higher level than the surface of the sea (despite the efforts of some charmingly graceful ones to do so), nor lower than the ocean bed—a vertical range of some five miles. The air ocean in which the aeroplane has its home is, however, more complex. Its lower boundary may be definite enough—the earth's surface—but in its upper regions it gets more and more tenuous as height increases, until it gradually fades away—like the proverbial old soldier. It is in this rapidly changing medium that the aeroplane has to fly. The lower three and a half miles of ascent contain, by weight, half the whole atmosphere; the other half spreads itself upwards, almost indefinitely. And yet in reality the whole atmosphere is but a close-fitting turbulent sheath around the globe. If we could get far enough away from the earth to make it seem like an eight-inch globe held at arm's length, the highest mountain would project by no more than the thickness of this paper, and the deepest ocean be a depression of no greater amount—whilst even the atmosphere 100 miles high, ten times as high as any aeroplane has ever climbed, would be but one-tenth of an inch above the surface of our globe. So, although the aeroplane is less restricted in its movements than is the fish, there is no doubt that, so long as it depends on the presence of air, flying must be limited to a thin shell of freedom surrounding an imprisoned globe. This limitation is the most obvious of the boundaries to flight.

It may be objected that given a sufficiently powerful gun the flight of a shell could be made to pass right beyond the confines of our atmosphere, becoming in fact a new tiny satellite of the earth. That, however, illustrates a confusion of language. By flying we usually mean winged flight. The flight of a bird is a self-propelled motion. The flight of a shell or bullet is not, and it is unlucky that the same word serves for both. The complication grows when one thinks of the motion of a rocket, but we may avoid all these confusions by speaking of steady horizontal flight. Bullets and rockets, having no wings to



support their weight, are alike incapable of this. It is level flight, flight with wings, of which we think. Moreover, it is human flight and not that of some robot mechanism. Not, however, that there is quite so great a difference here, for even when the pilot is replaced by the robot—known in the family as “George”—the engine is so human in its disabilities that almost everything that limits the one form of piloting also limits the other. Both pilot and engine breathe the oxygen of the air, which, being one of the atmosphere’s natural constituents, may be said to be a “free issue” to all comers—though it becomes less and less easy to procure as one flies higher; not because it is not there, but merely that the lungs of the man, or the cylinders of the engine, being limited in size, cannot get in enough to burn the fuel provided, with a consequent falling-off in power.

Hydrogen would be an excellent fuel to burn with oxygen, and the atmosphere is known to contain a supply of it. This sounds attractive. But at normal altitude this second potential “free issue” is present in such tiny proportion as to be useless, and in the higher limits of the atmosphere where the proportion is greater the density is absurdly low. On the whole, however, it is lucky that our atmosphere does not anywhere contain a combustible mixture of hydrogen and oxygen—the chance of accident, or of sabotage, would be alarming.

Although the human body is affected in much the same way as the engine, it is more adaptable. For instance, although the body is accustomed to live at sea level or thereabouts, it is possible for robust individuals who are not being required to exert themselves to breathe at as great an altitude as twenty thousand feet; an attempt to go higher speedily leads to fainting. For greater heights than that, use must be made of some artificial supply of pure oxygen. Four-fifths of the atmosphere is nitrogen and if one replaces this by oxygen, as one can by letting the pilot breathe pure oxygen from a flask or bottle, it is possible to ascend to a height of as much as forty-five thousand feet before the reduced density of the gas impoverishes the lung supply again to the fainting limit (it being impossible to admit a higher pressure inside the body than that outside—for reasons of discomfort if no more). Experience in



flight during attempts on altitude records bears out this estimate. Uwins reached forty-four thousand feet in 1932 and Donati forty-seven thousand in 1934.

Is therefore forty-five thousand feet, or thereabouts, the natural limit imposed by man's body to the height to which he can fly? The answer is that it is not. It has been found possible to encase the body in a flying suit, built like a diver's, in which it is practicable to maintain a higher pressure of oxygen supply to the lungs than that of the external air in which the aeroplane is flying. And to this contrivance there is no limit. Already the height record has been carried from the forty-seven thousand feet just mentioned to the height of fifty-four thousand, attained in 1937—using, of course, the pressure suit. And in an artificial pressure chamber a man has been taken to eighty thousand feet. Man could in this way fly to the moon, if the only limit were the breathing difficulty.

Hence, what seemed to be a natural limit to human flight based on man's breathing capacity has been found to be removable. How far can other such limits be removed by similar ingenious measures?

First of all, take the engine itself. This is a mechanism from which useful power is obtained by the burning of the hydrogen and carbon contained in the fuel. At altitude, the weight of oxygen contained in the engine cylinders at any moment being much less than the sea level amount, not all the fuel normally fed to the engine can be burnt, and therefore not all the full power can be developed. Artificial feeding is in consequence as necessary for the engine as it is for the man, and of course the engine needs vastly more—the power of the engine is measured by hundreds and that of the man by tenths. The universal way of meeting this requirement is to force the air into the cylinders by a pump. It is not unusual for such a super-charging pump to be powerful enough, even at fifteen thousand feet of altitude, to compress the air until it has the sea level density. Full engine power is thus maintainable up to that height and only gradually falls off as that height is exceeded. To maintain full power to a still greater height, say twenty-five thousand feet, two pumps are necessary, the one feeding the other. And if it were not for practical considerations



one might go on adding pump to pump until one attained any altitude. The difficulty in the way is primarily the weight of the pumps and secondarily the power to drive them. The greater the weight the more difficult it is for the aeroplane to climb to a height, and after a while a balance is reached in which any further power gained for the engine is neutralized by the extra weight to be carried. A competent authority has put the limit of altitude at some sixty thousand feet, but that is with present-day materials and practice. Metallurgists are continually offering the world stronger metal alloys—stronger, that is, in relation to their weight—and in the years to come we shall find the whole aeroplane and engine structure, as well as these pumps, weighing less and less. As this happens, the limiting height will increase but at any given time there will be a limit, and this limit will arise from the requirements of the engine, and not from those of the human body. One usually expects the machine to be the sturdy element and the human body the weak, but here, oddly enough, it is the other way round.

There is, nevertheless, one aspect of the struggle to achieve the utmost, in which the human body is very far from being the leader, and that is in the speed of response. Take the case of the pilot handling the controls. He notices quite suddenly, say on coming out of a cloud, that a collision with another aeroplane is imminent unless he takes very quick action. Consider the chain of events: first, the perception by the eye, the signal to the brain, the response down the nerves of the arm and leg to cause the avoiding manœuvre. This all takes time. The fractions of a second taken by each add up to a total which, small as it may seem, is enough to allow for a considerable motion of the aeroplane before there is the desired response on its part to what the eye has seen. Although the physiological response of the human body can be improved by careful training, there is a limit to the extent of that improvement, whilst the distance the aeroplane travels in a given fraction of a second is rising rapidly with the great increase in speed of modern aircraft. Hence, in the end, the human body is bound to be overtaken by the machine, and all one can do to avoid accidents of this kind is to enforce strict navigation rules, or to instal some automatic device for warning one in good time of the presence



of an otherwise invisible machine—or, better still, to do both. But the need for such action arises not from any failure of the mechanism of the aeroplane, but from a lack of equally rapid development in the response of the human frame.

This naturally raises the question—how far the present rapid growth in the speed of flight can continue.

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The human body is quite indifferent to speed, however great. The simplest instance is the speed which we share with the rest of the globe and all that therein is. The earth's orbital velocity is as much as eighteen miles per second, and for centuries man did not even know of its existence! We need not therefore fear rapid speed as such.

To a rapid change of speed the body is, however, exceedingly sensitive. It is this that makes the nature of aircraft manœuvres and the speed at which they are carried out so very important; but, before dealing with this, let us consider whether there are other possible natural boundaries to the rapidly increasing growth of speed. Twenty years ago the world's record for speed in level flight was less than one hundred and fifty miles an hour. Ten years later, this had grown to nearly three hundred; and now it is nearly four hundred and fifty. These figures show an improvement in speed of some one hundred and fifty miles an hour every ten years. Can this go on? If it does, the speed will approach six hundred miles an hour by 1948, and seven hundred and fifty by 1958. In my opinion we shall not even reach the 1948 figure and still less that for 1958. In fact, we are already quite close to the natural boundary to the speed of human flight. This boundary is caused by the elasticity of the air, that very elasticity which enables the air to transmit sound at a measurable velocity. At sea level, sound travels at the speed of seven hundred and fifty miles an hour, and not only does this apply to sound but to every form of impulse given to the air. When a fast aeroplane is in flight the wings push the air aside—mostly downwards and that it is which gives the lift—and a warning, as it may be termed, that the aeroplane is approaching is given ahead to the yet undisturbed air by impulses which proceed at this rapid speed. What precisely happens when the speed of advance of the wing reaches this



limit? When that is reached, the air ahead, no longer warned of what is coming, receives as many shocks and collisions as would arise if an unlighted motor car tried to dash through a crowd of deaf people on a really dark night. Collisions with air molecules are inevitable and numerous, with a consequent immense waste of energy, through conversion of motion into heat. Not only must the warning system break down when the wings are advancing at this speed but it begins to break down much sooner: indeed, at six hundred miles an hour the increased sluggishness of the air in getting out of the way causes the air resistance to rise exceedingly steeply. The rise is so extraordinarily steep as to require a larger amount of engine power than, even with the most refined technique, it is at all possible to give. Nor is it practicable to attain greater speed by flying at a high level, for the higher one flies the cooler the air and the slower the speed at which sound travels. It will be asked whether the aeronautical constructor by ingenious changes in the design of wing and body may not prove able to neutralize this effect. Body shapes and wing forms have been studied exhaustively over a long period of years and in many countries, but there has so far been found nothing which would prevent this immense loss of energy from occurring as the speed of sound is approached, when the efficiency of aerofoils may drop by as much as seventy five per cent. When one realizes how closely all aeroplane design margins are cut, one sees how tremendous is the barrage put up by Nature against further advance in this direction. To all this the human body is quite insensitive; the boundary is one set by the machine itself and by the medium in which it flies, and not by human limitation.

When, however, speed alters either in amount or direction the human body is immediately responsive—as are also the bones and sinews of the aeroplane itself. The effect on the body is due to the acceleration of speed, and this grows equally with increase of speed and with the rate of turning—whether the turn is in a vertical or a horizontal plane. Hence, in these days of rapidly rising speeds, the effect on the body will be correspondingly increased unless the pilot is careful to reduce the rate of manœuvre: which, in point of fact, is precisely what he does. For physiological reasons, the resistance of the body to manœuvre



stresses is limited, as is that of the aeroplane itself for its own particular reasons. So here is another of Nature's barriers. The weaker element is the human frame and the somewhat less weak element the wing structure of the aircraft. For the latter there is hope, since with the introduction of stronger metal alloys the power of resistance of the wings will be increased: not so, however, in the case of the human body, which, unless we wait for a million years of evolution, can only neutralize these effects—or a large part of them—by adopting a lying instead of a sitting posture at the controls, going back as it happens to the method employed by the brothers Wright in the original flights of December, 1903. (In the Wright machine at the Science Museum at South Kensington the then posture of the pilot is clearly shown). Later flying experience has, however, led to the now universal adoption of the sitting position. It may not be generally realized that the greatest loads that come on an aeroplane arise not in steady flight even at the highest speeds, but in the manœuvring of the craft. With limited strengths there must therefore be limited manœuvres. Nature certainly sets a barrier here.

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Nature also imposes a limit to the size of wheeled land planes. At an air port, concrete runways can be provided—and commonly are—but on occasions a forced landing is inevitable; and the weight that the landing wheels can carry is limited by the hardness of the earth. For this reason it is unlikely that a total weight of more than twenty to twenty-five tons will be achieved in wheeled machines. Not so, however, is the flying-boat limited: here, landing and taking-off become easier and easier as size is increased, for the larger the boat the less the proportionate size of the waves. At present the limit to flying-boat size arises through the provision of sufficient engine power. There is a limit—perhaps six or eight—to the number of engines which can be satisfactorily looked after in one aircraft; and we are limited, also, by the fact that no engines at present in service give as much as two thousand horse-power apiece. Eight of them giving this power would afford a total of sixteen thousand horse-power, and this would not allow the flying boat to exceed some two hundred tons displacement at the most. But we are dealing



with a rapidly advancing technique, and the limit to size depends more on human ingenuity than on any law of Nature. Nevertheless, a flying boat of two hundred tons would be four times as big as any built anywhere in the world to date and be ten times the size of the present Empire flying-boats, so a considerable advance is possible. We are near the limit of speed and probably of altitude, but not anywhere near—as yet—the limit of size.

As regards range we have several factors working in favour of a rapid increase. There is the increasing improvement in strength to weight ratio of new materials; the increasing economy of the engine due to the use of improved fuels and of methods of construction adapted to them; and there is also the use of more economical methods of airframe construction—such as the Geodetic—all of these tend in the same direction. As a result, ranges are rising rapidly, and with the limited dimensions of the earth there is every reason to expect that before long every point on its surface will be able to be reached from any other in a single flight. In the last twenty years the range for single flight has increased from one thousand to over six thousand miles, and it is still rising.

It is natural to question whether this general survey is really complete. How, it may be asked, will future engine developments affect these conclusions? We have tacitly assumed that the engine will not for a given weight suddenly produce immensely more power than it now does. It must be admitted that the engine power per pound weight has increased—let us say by a third during the past ten years, and with the development of the new fuels now in sight Mr. A. H. R. Fedden has predicted a further increase in power of twenty-five per cent. But such increases are likely to grow more and more hard to attain; even with the likely change to the sleeve valve type there must be increasing difficulty in engine cooling as speeds rise. At high airspeeds the compression of the encountered air causes it to rise in temperature to a quite remarkable degree. At five hundred miles an hour the air is raised in temperature through no less than twenty-five degrees Centigrade, and this markedly decreases its cooling effect, especially in the case of those engines which employ water as the immediate fluid for heat extraction.



If, however, the day comes when we have a light and efficient gas turbine or even a jet propulsion engine, the problem will need a fresh survey. At present, there is no indication that power will be obtainable in these ways at any notable saving in overall weight—though there may be conveniences gained in other ways. Moreover, jet propulsion, however advantageous in theory for high altitude work, is equally indicated by theory as unsuited for low altitudes such as in taking off and climbing—and no duplication of plants to meet both conditions is likely to save weight.

Hence the limits I have given do apply, I think I may fairly say, to all aircraft capable of steady horizontal flight and fitted with engines of the present reciprocating type. Of airships I have said nothing. But they are incapable of high performance except in range, and if the aeroplane can get anywhere in the world the airships can do no more. Moreover, for civil use hydrogen is impossible—the fire risk is too great—and helium is most unevenly distributed, costly to obtain even at the well, and loses vitally in weight carrying capacity.

Such are Nature's boundaries to human flight. Are there also Man-made ones which human ingenuity may prove able to raise to eliminate the menace of air attack on peaceful peoples? Perhaps I may here quote an opinion expressed long ago by Professor Robertson of the University of Adelaide :

“ Of the 4,000 years of written history, of the million years of unrecorded history of man, the last one hundred have added more to our control of Nature than all the preceding. If man is destined to proceed with the accelerated development, we cannot at the present comprehend, even in the remotest degree, the transcendent powers of which he may be possessed ere another hundred years are past.”

Man has proved himself able to fly—the first stage of invention—; now he has the problem of preventing its wrongful use—the second stage of invention. This second problem is difficult of solution, but science is in earnest to solve it, and the day cannot be far distant when, apart from Nature's bounds to human flight, limits will be imposed by Man himself which will preclude the harmful use to his race of the great discovery of human flight.



## DEMOCRACY AND PURPOSE

BY RONALD CARTLAND, M.P.

THE holiday season may be for some a time for reflection, for others it should certainly be a time for observation.

There are lessons to be learnt from even a casual survey of the crowds. The motorists, the cyclists, the hikers and the stay-at-homes, all have contributions to make to our knowledge of what may be called the Habits of the British People. At other than holiday times the daily routine of factory, shop and office life with the brief intervals for recreation distort most men's individuality. One regrets it, but for the vast mass of the population work is nothing more than a distasteful necessity for existence. In very few cases is it an outlet for initiative or a source of happiness. When the holidays come it is possible to catch a glimpse of what our Nation might be if this distasteful necessity occupied less of their time, or if their existence could be procured by congenial means.

What is the purpose of democracy but to give to men complete freedom for self-expression and self-development? Any limitation in aim at once undermines the strength and prostitutes the meaning of Democracy. But this is not to say that the aim will be attained, either at once or hereafter, without voluntary control, in itself a restriction of freedom but only, of course, where such control is in fact restrictive. To-day fear prevents the realization of democracy as much as the lust for power prevents world peace. Yet against the lust for power only the love of freedom can finally be certain of victory. Power cannot be shared by all; freedom can. Surely, therefore, in the present state of the world, it behoves the countries which call themselves democracies, to urge, side by side with rearmament and their measures for defence, the spiritual invigoration of their people and progress towards their ultimate goal? Our people must know what they are being asked to



fight for ; otherwise they will not fight. And, as Captain Liddell Hart says in *Europe in Arms*,

“ those who are concerned with practical questions of defence ought to realize the practical importance of ideals, especially in arousing the British people. Again and again it has been found that the economic appeal had little power to overcome their characteristic inertia until something stirred their latent idealism. The man who does not take due account of this element is a fool.”

Can any Government dispel the fear which hinders progress at home and handicaps us in our relations with the dictatorship States ? The strength of the latter lies in the almost religious faith of their peoples in their system of government. And that is why they despise the democracies which appear to have no faith in themselves. Yet, how can Englishmen affirm their faith unless those in authority give expression to it in word and action ?

To the mass of our people, concerned principally with the rate of their wages, the price of their food and simple pleasures, the payment of their insurance premiums and the local difficulties of transport, education and, maybe, lack of amenities, the Government seem to be pursuing their policy of defence for defence's sake, ignoring altogether those things which alone will make defence worth-while. The question in the minds of many is—what is the England I am being asked to defend ? It behoves those who are aware of the dangers to try and answer it.

Of late, attention has been fastened on events abroad. Yet would it be denied that there is a spirit of unrest at home ; not just “ the effects of the ignorance and levity of the vulgar”, but a dissatisfaction with things as they are, felt and expressed by men of all parties, creeds and disposition. The very fact that so many men in public life are obviously impatient with the discussion of home affairs heightens that dissatisfaction and arouses apprehension.

But the first signs of impending trouble are making their appearance. The figures of unemployment, apparently complacently standardized at a million, are gradually rising. What has been done will be no answer to ‘ what are you going to do ? ’ Trade reports from the various industrial centres show an increasing falling-off. Stock markets report monthly little or no movement. Building plans have begun to decline



regularly in value. One of the bank magazines finds that the best it can say of the situation is "it looks as if recovery has been deferred at least until the autumn and more probably until next year. In the meantime, a further recession must be expected . . . ."

The outlook is serious, but it need not overwhelm us. The solution to temporary set-backs may be found in the practice of a general economic policy which is truly democratic in conception and has the attainment of economic democracy as its aim. The holiday-makers may be the embodiment of political democracy, but until some measure of the economic equivalent is achieved they will be as far away as their ancestors were one hundred years ago from partnership in a Democratic State.

Three remarkable books have lately been published which should do something to focus men's attention on the problems confronting us. Consider the following passage from the recent report on unemployment made to the Pilgrim Trust :

"The principle of unemployment assistance," the report says, "is based on an assumption which is breaking down, partly owing to the widespread nature of unemployment itself during the last twenty years, partly owing to quite different factors. For three and a half centuries one of the assumptions underlying Western individualism has been that a man was responsible for the maintenance of himself and his family. For most of that time this has been a possible assumption, and only a very small fraction of society has refused to acknowledge it. But the scale of modern industrial enterprise means that in periods of depression thousands of men are thrown out of work by conditions outside their own control, and that it is virtually impossible for them to get alternative work of any kind, while changes in the structure of industry have brought even more permanent unemployment than that for which the trade cycle is responsible. When that happens, it is essential that the men affected should be maintained, as they are, by Unemployment Assistance, but it will obviously only be a satisfactory system so long as there is the recognition in the minds of those receiving it that the ultimate responsibility of maintaining themselves is still theirs. The widespread payment of assistance in itself tends to undermine this, while it is being undermined by many other forces as well. It looks as though some new principle will have to be put into operation, whereby a man is offered the chance to give as well as to receive. To-day it is virtually impossible to do so, and as a result he is losing his citizenship."

If the Capitalist System cannot abolish poverty (as some believe) then the system will be abolished. But it is just because others are convinced that it can, if it is given the chance, that they defend it in principle, though challenging its present

organization. The result is, of course, that they are accused of betrayal by the one side and of cowardice by the other. Lord Rushcliffe's Report of the Unemployment Assistance Board for 1937, the second publication to which I allude, raises those very questions which the strongest advocates of a changed Capitalist System have been pressing to be determined for some years.

Notable amongst these advocates is Mr. Harold Macmillan whose book, *The Middle Way*, is the third which warrants immediate and serious study by all who are interested in England's future. Her very existence depends on how these problems of Capitalism are solved. As Mr. Macmillan says, "If the progressive elements in Society will respond to the need for an imaginative policy of reconstruction *now*, we can safeguard Democracy by lifting the conditions of our people to a higher level of material well-being and cultural opportunity". The imaginative policy which he has in mind he outlines in his book, but what chance is there that this or any other imaginative policy will be put into action without delay? What chance is there for a re-affirmation of Britain's faith which will, irrespective of party, rally the majority of people in the country to a ready acceptance of sacrifices for her defence? To let party divisions stand in the way of co-operation in a great national effort to preserve democracy from the dangers without and within would be disastrous.

As month succeeds month the Royal Commission on the Geographical Distribution of the Industrial Population ploughs its way through the evidence submitted to it, listens to witnesses, deliberates while the problem which it was appointed to solve grows increasingly more complicated and difficult to tackle. Lord Nuffield uses his great wealth to start a factory which is likely to employ 12,000 men in Birmingham where labour of the kind required is not plentiful and where the housing shortage is acute. Added to which, another aircraft factory in the Midlands makes that area incomparably the most inflammable military objective, should war come. While vast Government factories are erected for aircraft production, amazingly, schemes for their defence are relegated to the distant future.

London, Birmingham, Coventry and the South-East region of England are allowed to expand, providing great tinder-boxes



which the first spark of war will light. At the same time all the major and minor towns spread octopus-like into the neighbouring countryside, and private interests are protected in many cases, so that later they make a profit out of spoliation. The harmless hiker is still threatened with "trespassers will be prosecuted" while the jerrybuilder is allowed to go scot-free. Local design and materials are wantonly eschewed. Week-enders, admirable in intention, have brought too often distress to village inhabitants. The motor-car which should have proved an invaluable bond between town and country for their mutual advantage has had the opposite effect. The owners of cars have forgotten in their insensate desire for speed the purpose for which mankind was given eyes. Large numbers of car owners to-day do everything in their cars except look out of them. Is it too late to enthuse our people with a real love of the English scene? Is it too late to counter the meretricious appeal made by the towns to the youth of the countryside?

Such thoughts challenge the educational system which we have allowed in a few years to reverse the practice of centuries. Children now all over England are transported in buses from villages to schools in the towns. Their impressionable years are spent away from their natural surroundings, indeed often in surroundings which are not only unnatural but definitely harmful. What effect is this having, will increasingly have, on the population? Is it too late to go back? Yet in going back why not profit from some of the administrative machinery now in being? Why not take the children from the towns to the country for their education? Let them be allowed to milk cows, help on the farm, peer into the hedgerows, pick wild flowers. Are we to lose as a nation all the beauties of country existence because in the year 1938 man for the moment thinks petrol of greater value than water, and neon lights more lovely than the stars?

These are not idealist musings. I am reminded of those words of Lord Baldwin, which should be repeated again and again.

"We have become largely an urban folk, but there lies, deep down in the hearts even of those who have toiled in our cities for two or three generations, an ineradicable love of country things and country beauty, as it may exist in them traditionally and sub-consciously; and to them the country represents the eternal values and the eternal traditions from which we must never allow ourselves to be separated."

It is not the so-called realism of some of our politicians that we need fear, so much as the general ignorance as to what is happening. Apathy is Democracy's danger, and the blame must be charged against those who are Democracy's leaders. What a commentary for example it is on the state of our civilization that the *problem* of leisure is not regarded as a meaningless phrase. The way in which a nation spends its leisure affects its whole being. We have allowed it to become a tremendous problem. Yet what is being done?

Social and industrial advances such as family allowances and minimum wages are as much essential items of policy as the preservation of the countryside, the lay-out of new roads and the education of our children. The urge which some people fear for more and more material possessions is likely to divert itself into different channels when the necessities of life are easily available to all. But the immediate concern must be the insecurity of the wage-earner in his job and the general economic position of the country. This is no partial or sectional concern. It is just as necessary to remove the fear that dividends will not be paid, and that savings will be lost as it is to provide against starvation or the extension of distressed area conditions. The fear of insecurity rules Park Lane no less than Blaina. The tragedy is that the fears of Park Lane may result in Blainas. Those to whom big measures of industrial reconstruction might be thought to make no appeal may be more easily moved by their presentation as defensive measures against foreign aggression or another economic crisis. It is exceedingly unlikely that an economic crisis of the same magnitude as 1931 would not result in severe social disorder.

What is imperative is that the Government should show unmistakably that it is alive to the potential dangers. Everything is to be gained and nothing lost by taking the country into its confidence; no precise details would be desired or expected. But let the general principles for which the Government is working in its industrial policy, its social policy and in its conduct of international relations be clearly stated. "Appeasement" is a catch-word not a policy. It is an ugly



alternative for peace. "Prosperity" has a one-sided ring about it.

To observers England appears to-day either wilfully obtuse or tragically blind to what is going on in the world. Occasionally she seems to rouse herself, but as though any sustained effort were too much for her, after a short while she falls to dreaming again. Is the will still there? If it is, now before the opportunity passes we should show we can set our hands as a united nation to stave off disaster. The confidence of our people in themselves to provide a fine, free life for themselves and their children—nothing less is needed, and, be it said, nothing more.

No one has known the English industrial worker, the town-dweller, better than Joseph Chamberlain. Forty years ago he said in Birmingham :

"Ours is a democratic Government. We gain all our strength from the confidence of the people and we cannot gain that strength or have that confidence unless we show confidence in return. You must tell the people what you mean and where you are going if you want them to follow . . ."

It is a cry down the years, seeking response before it is too late.



## WELSH NATIONALISM AND ITS BACKGROUND

BY E. MORGAN HUMPHREYS

POLITICAL nationalism in Wales is a thing of recent growth ; Welsh nationality has been linguistic and cultural rather than political. In the period of Welsh independence a poet or a minstrel might travel from one end of Wales to the other and be made welcome at the courts of princes who were frequently at war with each other. The ruling families were sundered by jealousies and enmities, and there was no sense of political national unity, but the common bond of language and culture made the Welsh a nation despite bitter internal differences. This cultural, as opposed to political, nationalism has not been unknown in other countries, in China, for instance, in Germany, to a certain extent, before Bismarck, and in Italy before the coming of Italian unity. Italy was once a geographical expression, but no one doubted the existence of an Italian nation, although there was no Italian State. So it was with Wales ; it was possible to speak of the Welsh nation, of the Welsh language, of Welsh culture and, at one period, of Welsh law, but hardly at any period in the history of the nation was it possible to speak of Welsh politics.

National consciousness in the political sense came late, then, to Wales, and it came late for a peculiar reason. The Welsh had never ceased to regard themselves as Britons, the people to whom the Isle of Britain had belonged. To the mediæval story-tellers of the *Mabinogion* London was the capital city, and London continues to be the capital for the majority of Welshmen to-day. The Tudor dynasty was welcomed by the Welsh poets because in it they saw a Welsh family seated on the throne, not of Wales but of Britain. Wales, subconsciously or otherwise, has regarded herself as the senior partner in the British federation, with the result that she has been ready to identify herself politically with British, or, in effect, English politics generally. As late



as the middle of the nineteenth century so prominent a representative of cultural nationalism as Gwilym Hiraethog, who corresponded with Mazzini and sympathized with Hungarian aspirations, could lecture admiringly on Palmerston and consider Gladstone to be a desirable Parliamentary representative for Flintshire. There are, as we have seen, remote historical grounds for this view of the political destiny of the nation, but it may be—and it is—argued that it is a view that has almost brought about the death of Welsh nationality. To-day there is in Wales a school of thought which believes that the old cultural unity of the nation cannot be maintained in the face of modern conditions unless it is upheld by political unity. On the other hand, there are others who fear that political unity, if achieved, will be no guarantee for the preservation of the language and the culture which for more than a thousand years have made the Welsh nation one.

Actually, a consciousness of political individuality came to Wales in the eighties and the nineties of the last century. The Liberal "awakening" that came in the earlier part of the nineteenth century was in no sense a nationalist movement, and even the agitation for disestablishment, a purely Welsh question, was at first a sectarian rather than a national demand. It became national in course of time (there were, of course, many good nationalists of that time who were Churchmen not in favour of disestablishment) as O'Connell's agitation for Catholic emancipation in Ireland became a national rather than a sectional question. It was the standard around which national political forces gathered. But it is certainly true to say that many of the advocates of Welsh disestablishment would have been horrified by any suggestion of Welsh self-government. When Emrys ap Iwan, in the eighties, began to write in favour of Home Rule for Wales he was not taken seriously by the majority of his countrymen. To the extent that Wales sympathized at all with the demand for Irish Home Rule it did so because it followed Gladstone, not because it had any fellow-feeling with another Celtic nation. Of that there was none, although there was some Welsh *v* English feeling—a sentiment that was bound to become evident in any clash between the two peoples. Nationalism was there—and this should be stressed—but it did not as yet express itself politically.

A political vent was to show itself in the early nineties, when Thomas Gee, one of the most prominent Welsh publicists of the day, declared in his paper, the *Baner*, that nothing less than a Welsh Parliament would satisfy Wales; when Tom Ellis, afterwards to be Chief Whip in Lord Rosebery's administration, said in a speech at Bala that nationality without political expression was an impossibility; and when Mr. Lloyd George, in the same year, 1890, told the South Wales Liberal Federation that Welsh Home Rule alone could bring within the reach of that generation the fruits of its political labours. Incidentally, Thomas Davis, the Irish patriot, and Mazzini had influenced the minds of the younger Welshmen of that period, thus Liberalism in Wales for the time became something that was very like a nationalist party, and Wales, for the first time, began to develop a political consciousness of its own.

That awakening has left its lasting impression upon the national life. Amongst the results, direct or indirect, may be counted the Disestablishment Act, the Welsh Sunday Closing Act, the establishment of the Welsh University, the creation of a network of secondary schools, the establishment of the National Library and the National Museum—it will be noted that many of them were cultural fruits. The awakening created a new sense of the vital importance of the language and brought about a demand for its recognition in schools and colleges, while the leaders of the movement formed high hopes of what the newly established system of local government would do for the Welsh nation. Looking back upon that time of promise, of vitality, of an active Welsh group in Parliament, of eager workers in the field of local and educational administration, one cannot but ask what came to disappoint those hopes and what accounts for the apathy which, in so much of Welsh life, has taken their place? There are indications that Wales to-day is sinking back into its old condition of political indifference. It is difficult to discern, outside certain circles, any strong national political opinion, and certainly there is nothing to compare with political opinion in Ireland before Home Rule.

Some observers have asked whether the Welsh are a politically-minded people at all. They have never made the use that Tom Ellis, for instance, expected them to make of the



weapon of local government—in order to give effect to national aspirations and to safeguard the national heritage. It has been said, and rightly said, that the education authorities of Wales could save the language and the culture of the nation in a generation, but there are not many indications that the authorities themselves realize this. A shrewd observer from the outside has said that the Welsh conception of education tends too much towards “getting on,” and others have noted that, so far from being the dreamy and poetic Celt of legend, the Welshman is a realist, not to say a materialist, who reckons values in terms of money. Whatever truth there may be in this diagnosis—and there is some—it is true enough that the development of Welsh local government has been disappointing from the national point of view. The nation that built up the great self-governing religious denominations, without endowments, with few wealthy supporters, and in the teeth of much opposition, has not proved itself an equally skilful architect of its national structure.

In other directions also the developments of the last thirty years must seem disappointing to the man nursed in the political ideals and hopes of the end of the nineteenth century. Gone is the political unity that marked Wales at the time of the general election of 1906, when a solid progressive group with a definite national aim was returned to Parliament. A divided Liberalism, Labour that is not primarily interested in national questions, a Conservatism that has never pretended to be interested in them in the wider sense, make up the political scene to-day, and little is heard of Welsh needs in Parliament. The old nationalist Liberalism has practically disappeared. Its leaders, one after the other took office, hoping, no doubt, thereby to be in a better position to further the demands of Wales but, in effect, strengthening the tendency, already strong, to reflect English political opinion and to neglect the formation of an essentially Welsh attitude towards political questions. To read Tom Ellis's Bala speech of 1890 to-day and to compare it with some of the arguments set forth in favour of a Secretary for Wales is to realize the measure of the change.

But why should not Wales walk side by side with England in politics? Why should not the same principles and the same

measures satisfy both? The answer is that no nation can identify itself politically with another and remain a nation. Wales has its identity to maintain. It has a language, the badge of its nationality, to protect and to develop. It has its own way of life, the only one suitable to it, to cherish. To say that it would be better if Wales and Scotland were to forget their past and their identity and to become one with England is another matter; neither Wales nor Scotland is prepared to do that, and as far as Wales is concerned it is becoming increasingly clear that if she is to be anything more than a geographical expression and if she is to retain the heritage of the ages, her leaders must foster a national consciousness and develop a national policy.

For there are not wanting signs that the nation is threatened with dissolution. The condition of the distressed areas and the migration, so little realized even by many Welsh people, of the population by tens of thousands to England and to other countries, are very grave factors. So, in another way, is the loosening of the bond of religious interests which, for generations, brought together a nation without a government, without a capital and with no central focus for its national life. For many years—for, it may be said, nearly two centuries—the main streams of national life in Wales ran in religious channels; those channels were divided, but they provided similar outlets for the nation's energies and many of the wider developments of later years were the results of the energy accumulated during the years when Welsh life was self-contained and self-centred. To-day that common interest is failing and the bond of religion or, as it might be called, of interest in religious organization, is much weaker than it was. Nothing, so far, has taken its place and the nation is conscious of no great issue that welds it into one. Add to this the preoccupation with economic conditions, insufficiently realized by some nationalists, as it seems to me, the influx of English residents—especially along the coasts—having no knowledge of Wales and no interest in the country, and the fact that there are parts of the country, owing to a lowered national vitality, almost entirely out of touch with general national activities, and we have a position that to many Welshmen appears a very serious one.



It is this situation which is stressed by the Nationalist Party. In its present form that party may be traced back to a small meeting held at Mold during the week of the national eisteddfod of 1923, but there had been one or two previous attempts at forming a party concerned with Welsh political aims alone. The late Mr. E. T. John, for example, when a member of Parliament for East Denbighshire, had drafted a Welsh Home Rule Bill and had set on foot an enquiry into the financial position of a self-governing Wales. His idea was a scheme of Federal Home Rule; the present Nationalist Party demands Dominion Home Rule, and a Welsh industrial, agricultural and political policy has been formulated. One of the principal points of this policy is the recognition of agriculture as the basic Welsh industry.

It is not easy to estimate the influence of the new party upon Welsh opinion; judged by election results so far, it is negligible. But there is no doubt that it has captured the enthusiastic allegiance of many of the younger men and women, especially amongst ministers and teachers, and there is an impressive readiness to sacrifice money and time to further the policy. The average voter regards it with a certain bewilderment, not always unmixed with amusement. What should not be ignored, however, is the fact that, fundamentally, and apart from its agrarian and other policies, the party does represent something that has always existed in the Welsh mind, a love of Wales as a land and the feeling that something should be done to save it from the dangers that threaten it. The activities of the Nationalist Party have done something to bring Welsh problems to the fore and to compel other parties to consider them. It is generally conceded that at any rate the Party has stirred people to think.

In any estimate of the situation in Wales to-day, therefore, it would be a serious mistake to minimize the part that the party may play in the future, and it would be as well to remember that John Redmond, in 1915, called the Sinn Féin movement "a temporary cohesion of isolated cranks." It would be equally wrong to ignore the fact that there are many nationalists who are sceptical concerning the effects of political action. They argue that the important things are the language and the

culture of Wales and that our experience of politics, both local and Parliamentary, does not encourage us to suppose that these things would be safer under a Welsh legislature than they are to-day.

The two schools of nationalism are agreed upon the importance of preserving Welsh nationality; they differ only upon the methods to be adopted. But there is another Wales, a Wales that cares for none of these things, that is impatient of any talk of nationalism and that knows little of the history or the traditions of the country. In past years Welsh education was along entirely English lines; Welsh history, the Welsh language and Welsh literature were ignored in the schools, and there was a complete cleavage between the life of the school and the life of the village or the countryside served by it. The inevitable result was that a large proportion of the population grew up ignorant of and indifferent to its national heritage, and although there has been a great change in the attitude of the schools and colleges for more than a generation, traces of the old way of thinking still linger. We are to-day reaping the harvest of times past.

The question is whether there is enough vitality in the Welsh nation to withstand the two dangers of outside influences and of internal indifference, whether the old cultural unity can be maintained in the face of the motor-car, the radio, the tourist traffic, the dormitory town, the English press and vast industrial problems. "Having no political sense, no absolute sense of *themselves* as a nation," says Mr. Sean O'Faolain, writing, in "King of the Beggars," of the Irish before Daniel O'Connell, "they might have become, but for him, like the Welsh and the Scots, picturesque appendages of England." Wales has not yet become a picturesque appendage of England, but that is the possibility which awaits it unless it awakens to "an absolute sense of itself as a nation". That realization need not and will not imply hostility towards any other people. It will mean no more than that the Welsh people will have realized that they cannot be good English people or bad English people, but that their choice lies between being good Welshmen or bad Welshmen and that every nation renders its best service to itself and to others by being itself.



## THE BALKAN BARRIER

BY "NESTOR"

ON June 3rd Signor Gayda stated that "Italy did not aim at making Albania a jumping-off ground for her expansion in the Balkans. She believed in the formula "the Balkans for the Balkan peoples". As for Bulgaria, Italy always supported her just claims. With Rumania, Greece and Turkey, her relations were not yet what she desired them to be. "Greece and Turkey seemed inclined always to follow the policy of Great Britain".

Here, briefly and cynically, is a statement of Italian foreign policy in the Balkans—which should be considered as part and parcel of her whole Mediterranean policy. It reveals several particular intentions. First of all by denying any Italian aims in Albania the author of the statement was merely fitting the cap to the Italian head. For as long ago as 1917 the operations of Italian forces, acting (and most ineffectively!) as the left wing of the Allied *Armée d'Orient* at Salonika, developed after the Armistice into a mere manœuvre for the control of Albania as an Italian province, to be used, if need arose, as a jumping-off ground for activities and control in the Balkan States. As recently as 1930 plans were in existence for a railway system which should start at an Albanian port, such as Valona, and run over the difficult country eastwards to Sofia, thus short-circuiting the main Orient-Express line that runs from Postumia to Ljubljana, and so to Belgrade and Sofia. This line would have been useful for a flank movement against Yugoslavia. I have seen the actual plans for this railway in existence. But the enormous capital required for its development, *plus* the opposition of the Balkan States most intimately concerned, Greece and Yugoslavia, prevented its achievement. That is now ancient history. But the project is latent, not finally disposed of.

Secondly, the statement that Italy supports "Bulgaria's just claims" indicates the usual Italian policy of sowing dissension and spreading mischief, wherever those laudable ambitions can be realized. For one of the organizations which is the greatest hindrance to Italian expansion in the eastern Mediterranean is the Balkan Entente. That grouping consists of Greece, Rumania, Turkey and Yugoslavia. But Bulgaria steadfastly refuses to become a member, although she lies embedded in the very heart of the Entente territory. The main reason for Bulgaria's refusal is that after her bitter defeat and collapse in September 1918 the terms of the Peace Treaty left her an inland state with no sea-access to the Aegean and a coastline of narrow proportions on the Black Sea. And a coastline on the Black Sea is, to all intents and purposes, an outlet to the Mediterranean only at the will and by the permission of Turkey. Ever since the Second Balkan War of 1913, when Bulgaria, defeated by Greece and Yugoslavia, was forced to abandon her coastline on the Aegean gained in the First Balkan War of the previous year, a coastline which included the port of Dedeagatch and that of Kavalla, she has bitterly resented being excluded completely from the Mediterranean. To-day her only conceivable hope of access is by means of treaty rights and a free zone either at Salonika, Kavalla or Dedeagatch. This Greece will in no circumstances grant her. Consequently Bulgaria skulks in her tent and will not come out. And so Italy, quick always to seize on disruptive elements in Balkan politics, openly speaks of "supporting Bulgaria's just claims", although Italy was one of the enemies who helped in the Bulgarian defeat and joined in signing the treaties which denied her "just claims."

Italian mischief-making has in the last few years been so widely extended between the Indian Ocean and the Atlantic that her scheming in the Balkans has tended to escape notice. Yet in the Balkan States themselves no one has forgotten Italy. Greece remembers only too vividly the bombardment and occupation of Corfu in 1923. She also remembers Italian treachery in the Asia Minor campaign of 1921-1922, Yugoslavia remembers the intrigue that culminated in the assassination of King Alexander and the training camps organized in Italy for the Hungarian terrorists,



one of whom was involved in the assassination. Yugoslavia also remembers Italian agitation in Zara and notes always her hold on the strategic islands of Lussin and Sassona, by which, under the Peace Treaty, Italy gained powerful controls in the eastern Adriatic. Turkey remembers that by the Treaty of London in 1915 Italy was given a sphere of influence in Asia Minor which virtually amounted to possession of the Vilayet of Smyrna. Turkey, looking at Italian fortifications in the Dodecanese, knows that Italian ambitions in Asia Minor have never been abandoned.

And so, on April 29th of this year, was signed the Greco-Turkish Pact which itself was a part of the newly-strengthened Balkan Entente between Greece, Yugoslavia, Turkey and Rumania.

Greece, in effect, is the fulcrum of Balkan foreign policies. For it is all a question of geography. The reinforcement of the Balkan Entente and the quite remarkable Greco-Turkish pact, were the immediate result of European events. The German invasion of Austria, known to optimists as the *Anschluss*, had immediate repercussions in the Balkans. For the Balkan States saw only too clearly that, with German expansion in south-eastern Europe, and with Italian ambitions in the western Mediterranean destined *ultimately* to be impeded as they must be by British and French opposition, Italy, baulked in Europe by her ally Germany, headed off from the West by the most vital needs of France and Britain, would seek to use her position in the West as a "nuisance value" and be bought off by being allowed free play in the Eastern Mediterranean—or at least a greater measure of freedom, consonant with British interests.

Now, Britain has virtually no interests, in the diplomatic connotation of that word, in the Balkans. Whatever Britain may wish in Egypt and Palestine, or what France may wish in Syria, is no concern of the Balkan peoples. And so, when it became evident that Italy, as a result of the failure of her gamble in Central Europe and the Danube basin, and the approaching failure of her other gamble in Spain, would revert to her original policy of fifteen years ago, of domination of the Aegean and the Levant, or part of it, the Balkan States formed a small League of Nations of themselves for the purposes of

Collective Security! So great have been the repercussions of the major European events of this spring that this portent has received scant attention. Yet for the streets of Athens to be decorated with the flag of Turkey is an event unparalleled in history since before the Greek War of Independence in 1821!

No wonder that Signor Gayda plaintively cries that "Greece and Turkey seem inclined to follow the policy of Great Britain" and chides them as naughty children for not doing as their fairy godmother would advise. But under the cloak of "following British policy" Signor Gayda really means that they have exhibited what is in effect open hostility and fear of Italian future policy.

The Pact of April 29th, a conclusion of two previous attempts, is brief and to the point :

"Greece and Turkey, animated by the desire of developing further the ties that bind them, and anxious to conclude an Additional Treaty which shall have no bearing on any treaties, arrangements bilateral or plurilateral that the several states may be already engaged upon, have agreed upon the following points :

1. In the event of one or the other of the High Contracting Parties becoming the object of an aggression, unprovoked, on the part of one or more Powers, the other Party undertakes to preserve his neutrality, if necessary by force of arms, to prevent the aggressor from using his territory for the passage of troops and arms and other military activities.

2. In the event of one of the Parties becoming the object of attack, the other will make every effort to restore the situation to normal, but if war ensues, then that party undertakes to review the situation anew.

3. The High Contracting parties agree to refuse permission for the establishment in their territory of groups or organisations whose object it may be to disturb peace and security and to force a change of government. They also agree to refuse the residence in their country of persons whose purpose it is to indulge in propaganda against the other Party.

4. This Treaty shall last for ten years.

That is one of the pithiest treaties ever signed, and it is brief because further elaboration of its clauses might make the names and addresses of the potential aggressors against whom it is aimed all the more obvious.

But the efficacy of this recent treaty depends largely on the internal policies of the countries concerned. What of the domestic situation ?

Turkey stands now on her own feet and needs no Great Power to help. Kemal has given her an army and a navy and an air force. Her people are increasingly industrial, and her untapped resources are astonishingly rich. She is a land



blessed with assets. Politically, her people are as free as they have ever been and infinitely more conscious of their native virtues than before. There are almost none of the trappings of Dictatorship in Turkey. There is no censorship of the post and press, no widespread secret police, no arrest without trial of ordinary citizens, and Kemal has no party organization. He is the head of his own political party, as are most prime ministers, and many presidents. His position is more comparable to that of President Roosevelt than to any other head of State. He is a wise and intelligent man who has no tyrannical intentions. His one aim is the good of his country. Turkey is and has been ever since 1920, on excellent terms with her neighbour Russia. With the other members of the Balkan Entente she is on friendly terms, and, as we have seen, close friends with Greece. Further afield her antagonisms are more clear. With Germany she has neither sympathy nor close relations. She has learned the lesson of the Great War, when she was dragged behind the German chariot into a conflict which brought her disaster. And to-day she sees the same menace approaching. With the German revival of the pre-war policy of the *Drang nach Osten* Turkey, like Rumania, recoils in alarm. She sees once more the tentacles of Hitler and Schacht creeping along the line to Istanbul and so to Baghdad. This time it is the oil of Mesopotamia that is the objective. But Turkey stands firmly across the road, determined to resist any penetration of the kind that in 1914 made her Germany's vassal.

Her other potential enemy is Italy. With a powerful Italian fortress at Leros and Carpathos in the Dodecanese, and with Rhodes as a naval station, all these islands alike being within an hour's flight of the Turkish coast and a little more of the Dardanelles, Turkey realizes that she is the most vulnerable victim of Italian aggression. Even Constantinople is within the danger zone. But Kemal wisely built his new capital far inland at Angora, and it would be a brave Italian airman who attempted to fly over the difficult country to bomb it. Italian landings on the Asiatic coast do not alarm the Turk. For Turkish infantry is still the formidable war-machine that it always was, while in comparison Italian infantry would be utterly ineffective.

Realizing her dangers in 1935, Turkey asked for permission to refortify the Dardanelles. That permission was at once granted by the interested Powers, and it is probably from that moment (when Great Britain took the lead in agreeing to the decision) that we can date the firm friendship that has now grown up between Turkey and this country. Last year the sinking of Russian ships by Italian submarines from Rhodes, at the very entrance to the Dardanelles, in front of the Turkish Island of Tenedos that guards them, was the next fact that prompted a closer union between Turkey and Britain. For the Turks at once saw what such activities implied and announced, unlike other countries, that any submarine found in Turkish waters would be sunk at sight. This quick decision, coupled with the Nyon patrol, and the use given by the Turkish government of Turkish harbours to the British contingent of that patrol, further cemented the friendship. The visit of the Turkish Navy to Malta last year illustrated it to the public.

And now by a series of well arranged measures British finance has entered Turkey for the exploitation of its resources, and in the form of loans and credits. Dr. Schacht has been defeated utterly in his attempt to drag Turkey into the area which his commercial agreements have already reduced to vassalage. So no wonder that Signor Gayda remarks sadly that Turkish policy "seems to follow that of Great Britain". It does. Whatever Mr. Chamberlain may have intended by his Anglo-Italian agreement, affairs have taken British policy into a direction in the Aegean which is flatly opposed, not only to German, but to Italian interests. There is now virtually a Turko-British entente. And from it nothing but good can come.

But the other member of the Turko-Greek Pact is in quite another situation. Greece has had the misfortune to acquire a real Dictator. At least he is real on the surface. General Metaxas, head of the Greek State, is a man 66 years old. He was educated at the Military Academy of Potsdam and was King Constantine's Chief of Staff in 1912 and 1913 during the Balkan wars, and again in the uncertain years of 1915-16, when Greece showed such hostility to the Allied Powers that she was for some time classed as an enemy, blockaded and finally occupied. With



Constantine departed Metaxas. The General achieved power again by a political *coup* on August 4th, 1936, and almost at once proceeded to import complete the pattern of a Dictatorship from Germany, his spiritual home. He sent his experts to study the workings of dictatorship in Germany and has now produced in a sullen and still fundamentally democratic Greece all the trappings of tyranny. Censorships postal and press, summary arrest of all his political opponents and complete suppression of personal freedom are among the innovations. And now a land accustomed to the maximum freedom of a democracy for over a hundred years, inhabited by a people to whom the name of freedom is a never-failing slogan in peace and war, is under the heel of a made-to-measure tyranny, controlled by an old man whose record shows that he never either cared for or understood the meaning of political freedom.

If that were all there was to it there would be little damage done. For a tyrant-ridden State may none the less be a powerful ally to a country like Turkey.

Unfortunately Greece has fallen completely into the clutches of the German economic system. Her trade with other countries has fallen almost to nothing. All her tobacco and grape crops (the main source of wealth of Greece) less about 10%, are mortgaged indefinitely to Germany. For Germany undertook to take over this produce and, unable to pay in cash, gives German goods in exchange. Greece has suffered the fate that Turkey has avoided. Turkey can get cash where Greece gets cameras, German toys and mass-made manufactured goods that she does not need. And, Greece has no assets. She has hardly any untapped mineral resources and no untilled land which can be made to produce.

General Metaxas is thus engaged in an intricate and complex policy which is as inconsistent as it is unlikely to lead to the protection of his country. He knows as every Greek knows, that Italy is the main enemy. Italy, having swallowed the "Twelve Islands," all Greek, and gulped but disgorged Corfu, knows well enough that the superb harbours of the Greek islands, which can hold whole fleets safely, are the object of seizure on the part of Italy in the event of Italian conflict in the Mediterranean either with Britain or with any other Power.

That is implied in clause I. of the Greco-Turkish pact. There Greece undertakes to defend her neutrality by force against the aggressor of Turkey. And Turkey has no aggressor by sea except Italy.

But here is the paradox. Greece is hopelessly tied to the German cart and in consequence is an appendage of the Rome-Berlin axis. In the event of German aggression against Rumania and Turkey in the distant future Greece would find Italy thundering at her gates, so as to use the whole Greek archipelago in an attempt to outflank Turkey by sea. What would her friend Germany say if she refused admission?

The policy of the Greek people by tradition is to defend herself by any means against Italy. The Greco-Turkish pact is, thus, a restatement of Greek policy as it has steadily developed since the Corfu incident. And British policy therefore must inevitably lead towards a closer friendship with Greece. The logic of events compels it, just as it has in the case of Turkey. In any conflict in the Mediterranean between Italy and Britain Greece must be kept free from Italian submarines just as it was from German submarines in the Great War. Greece acts as a kind of buffer State between Turkey and Italy, and an Italianate Greece means Turkish defeat as well as Greek subjection. It is equally to British and Greek interests to maintain Greek neutrality. But until Greece can cut the cable that ties her to the German machine she will be a partner of doubtful worth both for Britain and for Turkey, let alone the other members of the Balkan Entente. And Greece can only throw off German control, which will of necessity increase rather than decrease, by modifying her Fascist organization and reverting once more to her traditional and salutary democracy. The moment she does that, British confidence and Turkish trust will increase.

When the moment is reached where Italy is finally checkmated in Spain—and it seems nearer than one might have expected, Italy will have only one policy of mischief left. Squeezed out of the Danube basin and the Balkans by the activities of her partner in the Axis, disappointed in Abyssinia, foiled in Spain, she will turn her attention to the Aegean and the Levant, her only sphere left. Here she knows the ropes; here she has already laid the outlines of a policy. She may well adhere to



the terms of the Anglo-Italian agreement with some show of fidelity, for they concern only Egypt and Palestine. She will turn once more towards Greece and Turkey and an expansion of her interests in hither Asia. This contingency has been clearly foreseen by the Turks, and as clearly by ourselves. Britain has always to think of the Balance of Power as a dual balance, one in Central Europe, one in the Mediterranean. Italy to-day plays the rôle once played by Russia in that sea. Britain allies itself with Turkey, as once in the Crimean War. Turkey and Britain stand as a firm barrier between German advances south-eastwards and to Italian expansion and aggrandizement at the expense of the Balkan peoples

German rashness in Central Europe and Italian impotence in Spain have made the Balkan States look to their defences. British firmness has its immediate repercussions in the Balkans. Everywhere one heard until recently the caustic remark "Britain is really afraid of Italy". Since the crisis of May 21st in Czechoslovakia one hears that no longer, for Britain showed herself for once to be unafraid of Germany. Any decline in that attitude will at once strengthen Italy's position in the Aegean and tend to the loosening of the friendship between Turkey and ourselves. Any concession to Italy will have the same effect. The Anglo-Italian agreement was held to be a document which merely set forth in black and white the points of difference and conflict between Italy and Britain. It has at no time struck Greeks or Turks as an agreement, except perhaps an agreement to differ!

We tend to make the mistake of thinking of the Mediterranean as several seas—the Spanish sea, the Ionian sea, the Adriatic, the Aegean and the Levant. There are no such divisions politically. What Italy does in Spanish waters sends ripples that break against the narrow gates of the Dardanelles and on the beaches of Syria. When we speak of the "situation in the Mediterranean" we mean, quite simply, the "activities of Italy" in that sea. And Britain, as the Balkan States know well enough, holds all the trump cards. Let us hope she can be forced to have courage enough to play them.

## POLAND'S FOREIGN RELATIONS

BY H. P. S. MATTHEWS

ON a superficial analysis, Poland's foreign policy is easy to understand. It is styled by its advocates the policy of "the bastion of peace" and by its critics the policy of "sitting on the fence". It is dictated by Poland's geographical position between Germany and Russia. The Warsaw Government suspects its Western neighbour of designs against Polish territorial integrity, its Eastern neighbour of a desire to overthrow its social structure. Meanwhile, Poland would be seriously endangered if German-Russian relations deteriorated too far, and even more seriously if they became too intimate. A new German-Russian war would be fought on Polish territory, as was that of 1914-1918. A new Rapallo orientation of German policy might well mean that Germany and Russia settled their differences at the expense of Poland.

The policy of the "bastion of peace" is easy enough to define in the abstract. It is much less easy to carry out in practice. It must take account of the constant modifications of the general balance of power. It is complicated by such issues as that of Polish-Czech relations. It is affected by the development of the internal situation.

But opinion in this country has failed to realize that there is one immutable principle of Polish policy—namely, that there can be no bargain over the Polish Corridor. At the time of the German-Polish agreement of 1934 it was suggested that Poland might be prepared to meet German revisionist claims if Germany would give to Poland the lion's share of the fruits of successful aggression against the Soviet Union; again, at the time of the Polish-Lithuanian dispute of last March it was suggested that Poland was seeking through Memel an "alternative" outlet to the sea.



To the foreign observer the Polish port of Gdynia may not appear a thing of beauty. Indeed, it gives one the impression that a careless giant has been scattering large buildings broadcast, quite unmindful of the appearance of the town which he was thereby creating. But, to the Pole, this disorderly mass of ugly buildings, a city of 100,000, where formerly there was a fishing village of 400 inhabitants, is the symbol of his country's greatness. The achievement of building a great and flourishing harbour on a coast almost wholly devoid of natural advantages, has strongly impressed itself upon the Polish imagination. Gdynia, with its shipping lines to North and South America, to Scandinavia and to the Mediterranean, is Poland's "eye upon the world." The annual "Festival of the Sea" symbolizes Poland's ambitions as a sea-faring nation; Gdynia is soon to have a "Cathedral of the Sea." Polish historians are at pains to prove that their national independence was doomed when once eighteenth-century Poland had been deprived of access to the sea.

The course of Polish foreign relations during the first post-war years served to increase the relative economic importance of the Corridor. In the early twenties, Poland was on bad terms with Germany, Russia, Czechoslovakia and Rumania, and so, in consequence, she tended to develop trade relations with overseas markets rather than with her neighbours. To-day, though relations with her neighbours have very greatly improved, sixty-five per cent. of her foreign trade continues to pass through the ports of Danzig and Gdynia.

A second element in Poland's foreign policy upon which the present Government constantly insists, is the inacceptability of any form of mutual assistance arrangement. It is often forgotten that Poland was quite as hostile as Germany to M. Barthou's proposal for an "Eastern Locarno." Poland took the line that it would be easier to invite proselytizing Communists from the Red Army or revisionists from the *Reichswehr* into Polish territory than to ensure their departure at the conclusion of hostilities.

There is, it is true, a school of thought in Poland which declares its willingness to enter an "Eastern Pact." Spokesmen of the "Left Opposition", of Socialists, Peasants and "Left

Legionaries " declare that there would be a radical change of policy in this respect if they attained power. They would, they say, offer Germany another chance of entering an " Eastern Locarno " and, if she refused, would adhere to the Franco-Soviet Pact.

The adoption of such a policy would involve precisely the danger which Poland is most anxious to avoid, namely the use of Polish territory as a battlefield on which would be fought out a second German-Russian struggle. The memory of the devastation caused by the fighting between Germans and Russians in the world war is fresh in the mind of the Polish people, and one of the cardinal aims of policy must be to avoid a repetition of that catastrophe.

The foundation of the foreign policy of the re-born Poland was the alliance with France concluded in 1920. Yet even those Poles who, to-day, are most insistent upon the need for close relations with France, look back upon the first years of the Franco-Polish alliance with mixed feelings. A story told of the indiscretion of a French diplomat in one of the Little Entente countries illustrates the feelings of her central European allies toward the France of the early twenties. The diplomat had been questioned about the strangely flamboyant style of a newly-built French legation. " It is a style," he replied, " which has proved highly satisfactory in the French colonies " ! Socialist and Peasant critics of Colonel Beck's foreign policy, whilst urging that Poland should move back from the German to the French orbit, are insistent that there can be no return to the relationship of vassalage to which France appeared to lay claim in the days of her hegemony.

The first evidence of serious rearmament by Nazi Germany—a rearmament very different from the surreptitious violations of the Versailles Treaty practised by the Weimar Republic—brought home to Poland the value of the French alliance. So long as the measure of disarmament enforced on Germany by the Peace Treaties was not flagrantly violated, Poland, France and the Little Entente had no serious cause for alarm. Despite constant German-Polish and Polish-Danzig friction, the greater danger was still Soviet Russia, and Poland could not forget that Soviet troops had come near to capturing Warsaw in 1921.



But with ever-increasing signs of German rearmament, it became evident to Marshal Pilsudski that unless this process was arrested while the predominance of France and her Eastern allies was still unchallenged, the relative strength of Poland must seriously decline.

This realization was reinforced by the knowledge that Poland would be intensely vulnerable to a rearmed Germany. The dependence of Poland upon "the Corridor" for her foreign trade has already been mentioned. Even if Gdynia were retained, the loss of Danzig would be an exceedingly serious blow, for, save for the Gdynia-Silesia railway, all the railway lines connecting Gdynia with the interior of Poland pass through the territory of the Free City.

Apart from the menace to the Corridor, which, in the opinion of competent military observers could not be held against a German attack, Poland's heavy industry, which is centred in the former German province of Upper Silesia, is also intensely vulnerable. It is widely believed that Germany could prevent the industries of this area from functioning without moving a man across the frontier. Thus Poland, thanks to her geographical position, is liable to be deprived both of the greater part of her foreign trade and of the great centre of her "war potential" in a war with a rearmed Germany. So long as Germany was disarmed under the Treaty, this strategic disadvantage was more than outweighed by the superiority, which France, Poland and the Little Entente still enjoyed, in the matter of armament and trained effectives.

It was the realization of this state of affairs which led the Polish Government, in the autumn of 1933, to propose to the French Government a joint "preventive war" against Germany. The Polish General Staff felt able to give an undertaking that it would occupy Berlin if the French army simultaneously invaded Western Germany. The French Government expressed its general agreement with this plan, but made its participation conditional upon the attitude of London. When the British Government was approached, it declared itself resolutely opposed, and the suggestion was thereupon dropped. Poland, recognizing that it was now impossible to set a limit to German rearmament, offered instead an agreement to Germany.

Hitler welcomed the overtures of the Polish Ambassador. He was anxious to break the hostile ring which surrounded Germany by an agreement with one of his neighbours. He wished to offer to his own people an accord which would indicate his pacific intentions. As an Austrian, he was less concerned with the question of the "Corridor" than with the *Anschluss*. Thus, he was ready enough to pigeon-hole the question of the Corridor for a period of ten years.

The fact that the leaders of Nazi Germany are predominantly South German has a significance for Polish-German relations which is not always recognized. Many Poles welcomed the outcome of the conflict between the Party and the Army at the beginning of this year, since they felt that the Army Generals, with their essentially Prussian traditions and outlook, were more likely than the Nazi leaders to embark upon a drive against Poland.

The outside world, in surprise, hastened to find sinister explanations of the Polish-German Agreement. There was to be a joint Polish-German attack upon the Soviet Union whereby Germany would carry out her plan outlined in the writings of both Hitler and Rosenberg, of acquiring land in the Ukraine for the settlement of the surplus German population. For the reasons set out above, it is most unlikely that Poland would entertain any such project. The Poles were anxious to direct German expansionism elsewhere; possibly they believed that the National Socialist *régime* would not survive the ten years for which the agreement was to run.

France's rejection of the "preventive war" and the conclusion by the Poles of their pact with Germany led to a distinct coolness between Poland and her French ally. This coolness was in no way decreased when France proposed, and Poland rejected, the multilateral pact of mutual assistance devised by M. Barthou. One of the main objectives of the French Foreign Office in devising this plan was to bring Russia into the French orbit and thereby to prevent the close economic relations already subsisting between Russia and Germany from developing into a new Treaty of Rapallo. Such a policy was in line with one of Poland's most vital interests, since nothing could constitute such a menace to her independence as a



Russo-German alliance. Poland, however, looked at the matter differently. The "Eastern Locarno" was an attempt to make the provisions of Article XVI. of the League Covenant fully binding upon the nations of North-Eastern Europe. Amongst those obligations was that of granting free passage to troops co-operating in defence of the Covenant of the League. For the reasons specified above, Colonel Beck did not feel able to agree to a provision which would have made it necessary to allow German or Russian troops to enter Polish territory.

When Poland and Germany refused to join the proposed "Eastern Locarno," both the French and the Czechoslovak Governments signed mutual assistance treaties with the Soviet Union. In both cases Russia agreed, in certain circumstances, to come to the assistance of her allies, and, since Russian territory is contiguous neither with Germany nor with Czechoslovakia, the undertaking involved, in Polish eyes, a pledge to violate the territory of Poland or of her Rumanian ally. After the fall of M. Titulescu, when Rumanian foreign policy became, as a result, less pro-French, the Poles became increasingly concerned at the possibility that Soviet aid would be sent to Czechoslovakia over Polish territory. There were formidable difficulties in the way of sending large bodies of troops over Rumanian territory along the intensely vulnerable single-track railway which connects Russia with the eastern end of Czechoslovakia.

As a result of these developments, Poland tended, in the years 1934 and 1935, to drift more and more into the German orbit. Successive violations of the Danzig constitution by the Nazi Government of the Free City appeared to leave Warsaw unmoved, and Danzig anti-Nazis remarked bitterly that Colonel Beck would shortly be appointed German ambassador in Warsaw.

The German re-occupation of the Rhineland brought a most important change. The value to Poland and the Little Entente of their alliances with France had depended in no small measure upon the fact that the vital industrial areas of Western Germany were unfortified and were consequently at the mercy of the French army. The defencelessness of the Rhineland constituted a "sanction" against German aggression in the East of which France's allies were fully aware. The situation would be very different when once the Rhineland had been fortified, for

France, with her inferior man-power, would be compelled, in order to bring help to her Eastern allies, to fling her troops against prepared defences. It has since become known that Poland, on the morrow of the re-occupation of the Rhineland, offered her military support to France if the latter would move against the German Army for the purpose of restoring the *status quo ante*.

Once again Poland's offer was declined, but this time circumstances led to a strengthening, rather than a weakening, of the Franco-Polish alliance. Poland was badly in need of a loan for the purpose of mechanizing her army. Hitherto she had relied on her cavalry, with which she had won her reputation for military prowess in the seventeenth and eighteenth century and had given a fine account of herself in the more recent conflict with the Soviet Union. The Abyssinian campaign taught, however, the complete impossibility of protecting cavalry against the new method of gas-spraying. The Polish army must be mechanized to meet this danger, and mechanization was impossible without foreign credits. Furthermore, it was essential that a new industrial centre should be built up in a part of Poland which would be relatively free from attack. The scheme for establishing an "industrial triangle" in central Poland, in the neighbourhood of the town of Sandomierz, also called for foreign financial aid.

The French Government was glad to take the opportunity of tightening up the French-Polish alliance. It was recognized that, for purely geographical reasons, Poland would be a more valuable ally against Germany than the Soviet Union. The visits of Marshal Smigly-Rydz to Paris and of General Gamelin to Warsaw symbolized this *rapprochement*; the fact that Poland was moving back into the French orbit was demonstrated by the grant of a 2,600,000,000 francs loan for the purpose of rearmament and public works. It is hardly to be supposed that the French Government would have been prepared for such a loan if it had subscribed to the view that Poland was no more than a satellite of Germany.

The Polish-Lithuanian dispute of last March illustrated yet another aspect of Polish foreign policy, namely Poland's aspiration to the leadership of a group of neutral Powers which



should act as a barrier between Germany and Russia. The Polish-Rumanian "bastion of peace" is an alliance of long standing, and represents a *bloc* of something over fifty million people stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Poland, too, has always proclaimed the existence of a special relationship between herself and the Baltic States—Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia. But an increase of her influence has been rendered more difficult by the long-standing feud with Lithuania over Vilna. So long as the situation subsisted in which there was no sort of relationship between Poland and Lithuania, there was little chance of progress towards the inclusion of the three Baltic States in the "bastion of peace", and the somewhat crude methods used by the Poles to compel the resumption of diplomatic and economic relations were designed to remove this obstacle to progress.

The question of Polish relations with Czechoslovakia is the subject of keen controversy both inside and outside Poland. The two countries have so obviously the same interest in resisting German pressure that the continuance of their feud seems difficult to explain. Spokesmen of the "Left Opposition," the embryonic "Popular Front" of Poland, will declare that the tension is a purely artificial creation of the present *régime*, worked up by "the Colonels" as part of their general pro-German policy. In order to show their gratitude to Germany for renouncing, or at least postponing, her claims, the Polish Government, so it is argued, is at pains to stress its hostility to Germany's enemy, Czechoslovakia. It is certain that, in the event of the "Left Opposition" succeeding the present Government, an attempt would be made to replace Czech-Polish tension by co-operation.

It is certainly an over-simplification to suggest, as do the Czech and Polish critics of the present *régime*, that the existing tension is purely artificial. There are a number of contributory causes which serve to keep alive an enmity, pre-war in its origin. In the old Austria-Hungary, a large element among the Czechs was pan-Slav and looked to Russia as the leader of the Slav race for deliverance from Austria. On the other hand, the Poles preferred the comparatively mild sway of Vienna to the rule of either Berlin or St. Petersburg. The Teschen incident

served to perpetuate the feud, as did the refusal of the Czechs to allow Hungarian troops to come to the assistance of the Poles in their struggle with the Soviet Union.

These old grievances are kept alive by the friction resulting from the fact that something between 80,000 and 120,000 Poles live within the borders of Czechoslovakia. It is difficult to conceive of a minority without grievances, and it is certain that acts of discrimination occur in the Teschen area, as they do wherever people of one race are governed by officials of another. Though one may believe in the enlightenment of the rulers of Czechoslovakia, there is a powerful vein of chauvinism in the minor Czech official, who often seizes opportunities of favouring Czechs at the expense of members of the minorities. The successful handling of a minority requires an almost superhuman degree of fairness and tact, and incidents are bound to occur which create resentment.

Nor is this all ; the Poles declare that the Czechs are working to detach the Ukraine from Poland so that Czechoslovakia may have a common frontier with the Soviet Union ; the Czechs counter with the assertion that the Poles are working for Slovak independence so that Poland may have a common frontier with Hungary. There is talk of a plan for a Polish-Rumanian-Slovak-Hungarian *bloc*, though it is difficult to believe in a *bloc* which would include both the Hungarians and the Rumanians, since the latter are accused by the former of consistently misgoverning their Hungarian minority.

For the Poles, the Czech-German controversy is an intensely complex issue. An extension of German power to the South-East would menace them in so far as German territory would outflank Polish Upper Silesia ; if France became involved, Poland could scarcely be indifferent to the possibility of the defeat of her Western ally ; on the other hand, the intervention of Soviet Russia, if it constituted a violation of Polish or Rumanian territory, as it presumably would, might throw Poland into the arms of the Germans.

Despite the constant bickering, Czechoslovakia represents a strategic and political asset for Poland, if only because a " solution " of the Czech problem in the German interest might cause Germany to address herself to the question of the Corridor



and Upper Silesia. Already the appearance of a German party in Poland which claims to speak as the sole representative of the minority has suggested a repetition of the tactics employed in the Sudetenland. In comparison with the far greater issue of German expansion to the East, the squabble with the Czechs is of very minor importance ; but if Czechoslovakia is in any case doomed, Poland would not be averse from a " rectification of the frontier " which would give her back Teschen, or even to a greater acquisition of territory which would strengthen her strategically against Germany. If it were not for the fear that participation in the Czech-German quarrel would embroil her with Germany, she might, given a satisfactory settlement of outstanding issues, be prepared to welcome Czechoslovakia into the " bastion of peace." But this is a remote contingency.

The attitude adopted by Poland at the time of the Czech election crisis came as a surprise to many who had made the mistake of thinking the present orientation of Polish policy much more pro-German than, in fact, it is. Colonel Beck is very careful to avoid giving offence to Berlin over minor issues. When major crises have arisen his government has tended toward the Franco-British rather than toward the German camp. If war were to come over Czechoslovakia, Poland would certainly not support the Czechs if they were deserted by France ; she might be deterred from supporting them if Soviet troops violated her territory ; if there were no Soviet intervention, and if France came to the aid of the Prague Government, the probability is that Poland, even under the present *régime*, would be on the side of France.

## EN VOYAGE : *A Memory*

BY OSBERT SITWELL

AS a schoolboy of ten or eleven, I used to spend much of the holidays—for my father had been the victim of a lengthy and worrying illness, and my mother was continually travelling abroad with him—in the house of my paternal grandmother : while, before that, I had, of course, as a small child paid her constantly long, and to me memorable, visits. She lived in a large, honey-coloured house in Surrey, then a country of commons and rich deep lanes down which the carriages, with a top-hatted and cockaded footman on the box, rolled, rattled and bumped, taking the leisurely for drives, “to get a little air,” or for a condescending visit to poor and ailing ; a country of bare downs, yet virgin for the speculative builder, and of battered, pilgrim churches. (It may, indeed, have been my boredom with these broken skeletons, to which we were encouraged to make expeditions from time to time, that has to this day left me with such a blind eye for the beauties of English parish churches). An air of musical-comedy rusticity still smiled over thatched cottage and Elizabethan hall, and there existed, even, a few old farm-labourers, in smocks, with authentic Newgate fringes running under their chins from ear to ear, and very quavering, quaint voices ; moreover, the elder women of the village, in their voluminous black Sunday dresses, decorated with a large brooch, still curtsied to us as we passed on our way to church (the trick still worked here, evidently), so that the whole countryside had seemed very foreign to me, accustomed as I was to Yorkshire and Derbyshire and the sturdy modernity and independence of the north.

Nevertheless, I liked the place, though I did not in those early days entirely approve of my grandmother, for she obliged me to attend family-prayers in the dining-room after breakfast, and, further, refused to allow me during my holidays to read the



*Daily Graphic*—one of the bright spots to which I had looked forward for a whole term at school, since I had found it to be full of the most entertaining news, strange stories of crime and passion, which were very exciting, though I did not really understand them. Worse still, she had wrested from me by cunning, by a mere ruse—for fear that I should cut off one or all of my fingers with it—an enormous pocket-knife which, besides two portentous blades, embraced every improbable and unnecessary sort of adjunct, such as a potato-peeler, a guillotine for slices of ham, an instrument for disembowelling apples and breaking lobster-shells, a saw for cutting through small branches, a gimlet, a sharp sword for piercing tins and ripping them open, and a needle specially contrived so that you might inscribe your unwanted name on glass; a possession which had for a month or two constituted the whole pride of my life—and my entire claim upon the consideration and good opinion of my schoolfellows. Life would, indeed, prove difficult without it . . . . But all this I could not explain. . . . However, I gained my revenge, for my grandmother was deeply religious, but very evangelical in her outlook, with a great detestation of High Church practices: and when, the following Sunday, I was taken to Morning Service, with great presence of mind I astonished the congregation by turning to the east during the Creed, and, at mention of the holy name, by crossing myself with accuracy and fervour: observances which she remarked, but concerning which she scarcely liked to remonstrate with me, since she had always deplored my irreligious disposition, and had several times spoken to me about it, while this, she could only hope, might be the token of conversion, a new and blessed ferment. . . . But, though I was by no means her favourite grandchild, and albeit she detected in my nature a mundane side which she disliked, seeing that I would be unwilling to forswear, either on my own behalf or that of anyone else, “the sinful lusts of the flesh” and “the pomps and vanities of this wicked world”. For the rest we got on very well together and indeed with every year that passed, I grew to understand her better and to become fonder of her.

She had seemed to me then to be very old, for she was between seventy and eighty, of great gentleness and of an imperturbable

charm. Her resignation masked, it was clear, a will of formidable strength ; her lips were ever set in the smiling mode of the Mona Lisa, except that these lips were aged, and that the music which evoked her smile was one, I apprehend, issuing from that invisible world she was on the verge of entering, and of the existence of which she was so sure, rather than from the earth that spread itself visibly round her, and tangibly under her feet. . . Her mind, indeed, was largely—too largely for my liking at the time—occupied with the next world (perhaps in itself a form of exoticism ?) ; and, insofar as she exhibited an interest in the present one, it betrayed itself in good works and in a surviving curiosity concerning foreign countries and manners.

This last was an enthusiasm I came to share ; easily explicable, too, when, for instance, you recalled that her father had run away from Eton at the age of twelve and, since no English regiment would accept him because of his youth, had joined the Portuguese Army, in order to fight in the Peninsular War (the Duke of Wellington—who was, I believe, his godfather—subsequently obtained for him, as soon as he became old enough, an exchange of commissions into an English regiment), and that, as a young man, long before the era of railways, he had several times crossed Europe from end to end, from Portugal to Poland and Russia, in addition to having visited, as I know from his diary (a dull book alas ! as that of a man of action is apt to be), the most remote districts in Southern Italy ; places which, even in these days of rapid transit, myself had found sufficiently difficult to reach. A very good-looking Irishman, with a singularly charming expression, he had been gallant in the Regency manner, though he had always possessed a very serious side to his character : and a decade or so after the Napoleonic Wars were finished, he married, and retired to spend his remaining years—fifty and more must have lain in front of him, for he lived to be eighty-eight—in a small manor-house in Northamptonshire, which was the inheritance of his wife. There five daughters were born to him, and as, later, in Early-Victorian days, he rode out with them, a groom following, along the broad grass-verges of the rustic roads—their tall crested elms standing up so high from the hedgerows that they dwarfed this little group, moving swiftly as a shadow under them—he must often



have talked to them of past times, of his home in Ireland, of his uncle, the General, who rejoiced in the name of Lord Hutchinson of Alexandria and Knocklofty (an exotic title, if ever there was one), and had been a boon companion of the Prince Regent's—living, indeed, for part of the time in a cottage in the grounds of the Royal Pavilion at Brighton—of his own travels in France and Spain and Portugal and Germany and Holland, in Austria and Poland and Russia and Italy, of his friendship in Rome with Princess Pauline Borghese, Napoleon's lovely sister, with her slight, but perfect body (immortalized by Canova) and her audacious, lively mind, and of her small and exquisite hands (her glove lay upstairs, folded in a walnut-shell), though he never told them, I think, of his long and passionate relations with the celebrated Polish Countess, a beautiful woman married against her will to a man thrice her age, nor of how, many years later, she had died, a widow, leaving him all her possessions, including great estates in Poland; legacies which he had relinquished at the wish of his wife. . . . But her portrait, showing her as a radiant creature with fair curls, arranged in the style of the Empire, was framed in the inside cover of a blotting-book in his library, and was found there, ten years or so ago, by his great-grandchildren.

My grandmother, then, had been brought up with her sisters in that very English house of grey stone, with thatched barns and stone-tiled farm-houses lying neatly disposed, as in a Flemish picture, upon the surrounding slopes: but it was full of relics of times gone by and of distant lands, including innumerable pictures of Turkish costume, brought back a century earlier by a member of the family, and a great deal of oriental china, so that, remote as the place was, she had pictured for herself many foreign countries and had grown up to be a citizen of the world. . . . But, as a girl, or as a young woman, the great religious tide that followed the Crimean War had touched her heart, too (religion was in her blood, for her mother had been cousin to Bishop Heber, Primate of All India, and singer of coral strands), and foreign missions, Indian and African, Polynesian and Melanesian, had then come to reinforce, in their own direction, the already substantial claims to interest of "foreign parts". Alas! however, travel, except for polite

sojourns in France and Italy, had been denied her by circumstances, nor could she, as doubtless she would have liked, abandon her duties in order to help those who preached the gospel at the ends of the earth ; because, at an early stage, she had been left a widow, with the responsibility of two children to look after, and a large country house, together with an involved estate. (She inclined, as an old lady, to adopt a somewhat dramatic view of her past troubles, for I well recalled her telling me how, after her marriage, she and my grandfather had found themselves so badly off that they could only afford to live "over a little grocer's shop". Much impressed, as all children are, by "hard-luck" stories, I naturally enquired where this modest home had been ? . . . . At first, she showed some hesitation in answering, and then the truth transpired ; it was the three floors above Gunter's, in Berkeley Square). And now that her children had grown up, and that she had, by her practical cleverness and ability to manage affairs, pulled the estate round, she had found herself too old for foreign travel—people seemed to grow old so early in those times—and had settled here ; where, out of a few acres, out of gardens and lawns, surrounded by a double ring of trees, she had created for herself a world.

Her heart was growing weaker every year, the machinery, as it were, was running down, and as she lay in a *chaise longue* in the Indian Room, with a fur rug across her legs, and a Samoyede dog, recently imported from the Arctic Circle, on each side of her, her mind, I imagined, was usually and equally divided between thoughts of her own family (she took an extreme interest in the doings of her sisters' children, and their children after them) and the progress made by the various foreign missions which she patronized. The Indian Room—the inspiration for which had surely been derived from a chamber similarly named at Osborne, wherein the Queen-Empress was wont to receive visitors—was a large apartment, with a high ceiling, painted mauve, its walls lined with *maiseries*, showing scarlet monkeys disporting themselves among flowers upon a white ground. Against these hangings, numerous carved Burmese figures jutted their hips of teak and cedarwood, and a great many Indian table-cloths winked glass eyes at you.



Vases of surprising flowers from the hot-houses always stood on the tables, and one could, furthermore, pedal out manfully upon an early pianola the haunting, nostalgic waltzes, mazurkas and ballet-tunes of Tchaikovsky. There was also an apparently endless supply of clergymen, young and old, who came to call, and to keep us informed of the state of the neighbouring parishes.

Even the treats she offered us, or promised us, as children were delightfully strange and new ; delicious fruit from South Africa (then a novelty) in mid-winter ; or, if we were good, she would, she told us, take us for a drive, to see a new and super-wonderful pianola, worked by electricity, in the home of a wealthy brewer who lived nearby ; or, again, we might be taken to hear—the real thing this time—a musical prodigy whose face was green from asthma, and who, we were told, could “ play all Chopin by heart ” (I believe he is still doing it!). Or, best of all, Mrs. Frampton-Stanwick might—she would not promise it—be asked to tea. . . . And this constituted, indeed, the chief, and much the most improbable of the treats known to us ; for Mrs. Frampton-Stanwick was a charming Yorkshire lady, of good family, albeit sadly addicted to the bottle, and, when asked to tea, would roll over to see us in her dog-cart, bringing always presents for us children, but still hilarious, with her voice still hoarse, her eye still bloodshot, from some historic, homeric blind. Inevitably, on her arrival, whole cohorts of timid curates, assembled for tea in the Indian Room, would melt away. . . . And yet, my grandmother, whose views were so strict, continued to tolerate, and to invite, this northern Bacchante. We never could quite explain to our own satisfaction why she received such preferential treatment (though we loved her, and were therefore delighted that her behaviour should be thus condoned). . . . But reasons, no doubt, there must be, and of a charitable order, and we gathered later in re-inforcement of this surmise, that, as a result of mysterious happenings long ago, my grandmother was sorry for her.

There existed, too, other minor indoor treats. Along the passage from the Indian Room, beyond the Smoking Room (for smoking was still confined to a single room in the house)

lay the Library, in which reposed many unforgettable books, and books, perhaps, appealing especially to the imagination of children; among them, for example, old copies of the *Botanical Magazine*, full of folding, brightly-hued plates of cactus and orchid and tropical lily, and books of shells, hand-coloured, and volumes of Dickens, with the original Cruickshank illustrations. . . . And then downstairs in the hall stood a large cage, with a monkey in it. Alas! I was frightened of it, for in those days I hated the whole simian tribe, though latterly, since I heard of the events that led up to the massacre of most of the monkeys in Gibraltar—only a very few were allowed to survive—my heart had warmed to them. (The streets of the town are very narrow, and the monkeys could easily swing from any window-sill to the one opposite; they took, suddenly, one summer, to stealing photographs, the glinting silver frames of which no doubt caught their attention, and to placing them in other rooms across the way. . . . The havoc these tricks created was immense; Colonel A would find that his photograph of his wife had disappeared, and would then locate it in Commander B's bedroom, and vice versa. In fact, so many scandals occurred, so many altercations took place, so many divorce proceedings were pending, that in the end, when the true criminals were discovered, it was felt that, for the honour of the Services, the majority of the monkeys had better be suppressed). The peacocks, both green and white, that strolled over the lawns, the rare, grey turkeys with which the farm was stocked and the black-and-white lambs, of a particular breed, which my great-grandfather had introduced from Spain; all these I liked better than the ape. . . .

The hot-houses contained unusual fruits and flowers, and, all through the winter, glass frames were full of large single violets, deeply-scented blossoms ranging in tone from brick-red to magenta, and of the double ones, Parma violets, white and lilac, with curled and peruked heads too big for their stalks. Indeed, it appeared as though all these fires from glass house and frame must even succeed in warming a little the frosty air outside that laid mist upon each pane, making the colour within blaze more vaguely but with greater strength. And every spring one wondered whether the semi-tropical interests, as it were, of the



owner might not serve actually to stoke up the immediate climate, for her house seemed to be quilted with *banksia* roses, in neat shepherd's knots, and starred with huge magnolias, white, and deep *blanc-de-chine* bowls, long before her neighbours' walls showed any signs of florescence ?

From this distance all those fragments of time, long hours of waiting to be called in the morning, of waiting for the butter-yellow light to flood the room, of waiting, and of hearing the morning sounds, the turkeys gobbling in the distance, and cocks crowing, our donkey braying from the stable, the harsh and idiot cries of the peacocks, the metallic noise of the carriage-horses stamping, of footsteps on the gravel, and of rustic voices fresh from hours of silence, of long afternoons of flowers and music and of the faint, meaningless gold of the dying hours spattering old walls, and yet bringing out, to one's surprise, a comforting subcutaneous warmth ; all these have mosaicked themselves into one period for me. . . . I must, however, have been very young, not more than six or seven, when one afternoon I walked by the Pergola in spring.

Pergolas were then, if I am not mistaken, newly invented as a device for English gardens, and at that moment I was obsessed, as children sometimes are, for a week at a time, by one particular problem ; and on this occasion it was the effort to trace a connection between the meaning of words and the sound they make in human mouths (for the most part a hopeless task!). Why, I remember wondering—so it must have been in the spring, in April—should the two syllables that composed the word *tulip*—tew-lip, tew-lip, tew-lip, I repeated—represent for us this lovely, living chalice, with its sweet gold-dusted centre and its six pointed petals? . . . Then I saw the pergola again with a new eye, viewed solely from the point of view of the enigma before me, and repeated to myself the empty music of its name (though I may have pronounced it incorrectly, since the gardener always referred to it as “Lady Sitwell's *Burglar*”). Regarding it now with more care, as I posed this question of its relationship to its sound, I observed high above me, the coral buds and blossoming of a flowering tree, a cherry, perhaps, or peach, and as I looked I knew suddenly that it hailed from China or Japan. Here, indeed, was a new

problem to ponder, a new puzzle ; how, especially when one had never seen the land of its birth, could one tell, from the habit of its growth and flowering, its shape and colour, whence came a plant itself ; for nationality, or race, was a human attribute, and not surely, a geographical affinity, applying itself equally to man and animal, fish and vegetable ? . . . . But then, as a child, I did not know how the gentlemen of the Far East, carrying their bird-cages, or with a bird held on one arm by a chain, will examine a flower, will walk round it, slowly appraising its points after the fashion of English racing-men examining a horse in a paddock, and how, just in the same way that they peer into the black-glazed, gigantic bowls of goldfish at the entrance to Pei-hai, tallying with true virtuosity one gold fin, one sable veil or protruberant and goggling eye against another, they will compare one peony, petal by petal, with another.

Nor, as I lay there, thinking of this, was I aware—as I am now, at the time of writing—that a civil servant, Tun Li-Ch'en, for example, could, though he tells us that in addition another two hundred exist, specify at random one hundred and thirty-three varieties of chrysanthemum, and that, among them—to select a few—were blossoms named Honey-linked Bracelets, Silver-Red Needle, Peach-Blossom Fan, Eyebrows of the Old Ruler\*, Concubine of the Hsiao and Hsiang Rivers, Goose Quills, Purple Tiger Whiskers, Ash Crane Wings, Spring Swallow in an Apricot Orchard, Snow-covered Cinnebar, White Crane Sleeping in the Snow, Azure Lotus, Jade Shoots, Egg Plant Blue ; and Golden-Hair Lion, Golden Phoenix Wing, Purple Dragon with Open Claws, Egret Crane Feathers, Azure Dragon-Whiskers, Lustrous Variegated Cloud-Dragon, Jade Spoon Stirring Broth, Autumn Beauty of the Hibiscus, Evening Sun on a Duck's Back, Lily on a Dazzling Day ; and Black Tiger-Whiskers, Golden Phoenix Holding a Pearl in its Mouth, Spring Dawn at the Han Palace, Red Mist, Half Water Half Sky, Bird's Talon Immortal, Intoxicated T'ai Po,† Phoenix Flute, Fragrant White Pear, Gold as One Likes It, Yellow Orioles in the Green Willows, Beehive, Quartz as One Likes It and Unicorn and Parrot ; names that reconcile me a little now toward the cairn-terrier-like horror of this flower as we know it in Europe. . . . .

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\* Taoist sage, Lao-Tze.

†Li T'ai Po. the great Poet

In fact, I did not realize how carefully all things are bred and grown for their purpose of pleasing the ultimate almond eye of the complete connoisseur.

Nevertheless, when, later on during that afternoon, now many years ago, I enquired the name of the tree and where it had been found, I learnt that it did, in fact, come from China; an answer that inspired me with curiosity concerning this vast land, whose character was so powerful and original that it could thus mould objects, creatures and flowers to its liking, to its pattern.

\* \* \* \* \*

The heat now was growing intolerable, though during the half-hour before sunrise was usually the coolest time, and, sitting up, I could see the dusty, low-lying outlines of the nearer African hills embedded in the first green and submarine light. . . . Tired of thinking of China, tired of sleeplessness, I turned my mind to finding phrases in which to describe them; it was difficult to describe any landscape from just this distance, when it seemed more like a moon model, in relief—an effect no doubt aided by the circle of the port-hole—than actual territory, belonging to some race, and inhabited by living people... In this connection, I recalled my last interview with George Moore, and his obvious difficulty in grasping the facts of natural configuration. It had been a delightful, and typical, occasion. He had written and asked me to tea, and then when I arrived (I had not seen him for some time) he immediately explained his invitation by saying, “I have asked you to tea, because it appears that you have written a book in something *resembling* English.” . . . He then confided in me that he was writing a novel, the action of which he had laid in Sorrento. It was, he added, a book very different from his others. “It is about a man and a woman. He gives a museum to the town, and she is a nun. And she falls in love with him, and then—and this,” he said, blandly smiling to himself, “is, I think, really rather original—after she has been to bed with him for the first time, she turns to him and says, “*At last!* I have found something worth doing!” . . . I did not venture to say that this sounded to me very much like the theme of all his novels, and in any case he continued to talk at once, asking me if I knew



Sorrento? He had never seen it, and so found it difficult to master the plan of the town and the lie of the country; it was holding him up. He wanted, for instance, to know where to place the museum. I answered that he could not have applied to any Englishman better equipped in this respect than myself as I had spent a great deal of my time on that coast. Would I then, describe the lie of the land to him? "First of all, Mr. Moore," I began hopefully, "there is a hill, a mountain almost, and then there is a valley . . . ." but, before I could finish, he cried out despairingly, "But if there is a hill, how *can* there be a valley?" . . . . It did not seem of much use to proceed with my disquisition, so I said, "Well, if you'd allow me to bring a map and explain it to your secretary, I'm sure I could make it clear to *her*." . . . . Accordingly I received a note, one evening a week or so later, asking me to come round to Ebury Street the next morning at 11.30 and explain to his secretary the position of Sorrento. . . . . I took a map with me, and half way through my conversation with her, George Moore entered and sat down in a corner, facing us, but at some distance. . . . . At the end, I said to her, "Well, I think I've made it all clear, haven't I?", adding, rather fatuously, from a kind of nervousness, "and I believe this," pointing at a small dot on the map, "would be a good place for Mr. Moore's museum; it has such a lovely view." . . . . Before she could reply, Moore had ungratefully interrupted, saying in a loud, cross voice, "Well, I'm glad somebody understands, for I do not understand a single word of it. . . . . And as for the museum, I detest all views—but why a museum should have a view . . . !" . . . . And that, alas! was to be the last I saw of him.

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These were the memories that flitted through my mind as we slid through the Red Sea, and I lay sleepless turning from side to side in my bunk in an effort to escape the heat.

Certainly the matter of description was difficult; a single phrase can mean a dozen different things to a dozen different people . . . . and yet, look at that Arab dhow sailing toward the sunrise; it was precisely as Marco Polo had described such a boat six hundred years ago. One would recognize it, that was to say, from the description. . . . . I thought of the dhow

which its crew first lighting a bonfire on its deck, had, at immense speed, darted across our bows last night, and back again, for the sheer joy of its swiftness, I supposed ; it had swept the darkness like a phoenix, fabulous bird of these parts.

“ O blest unfabled Incense Tree,  
That burns in glorious Araby,  
With red scent chaliceing the air,  
Till earth-life grow Elysian there!

“ Half buried to her flaming breast  
In this bright tree, she makes her nest,  
Hundred-sunned Phoenix, when she must  
Crumble at length to hoary dust.

“ Her gorgeous death-bed, her rich pyre  
Burnt up with aromatic fire!  
Her urn, sight high from spoiler men!  
Her birthplace, when self born again! ”

I intoned to myself, for I was sleepy now, as the light strengthened, and the sounds of washing and scrubbing and bumping began to spring up above my head, all over the deck. And I thought of the pergola, again, of the Chinese tree, of the house, now turned into a school, and of the old lady lying on her sofa in the Indian Room.

## MOSCOW MYSTERY

BY AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

FOR a reader who is surprised, disgusted or enthralled by the way in which human beings behave, for a reader who enjoys a good detective story, famous trials, political theory, *Paradise Lost*, *The Duchess of Malfi*, or *Macbeth*, the perfect book is the Verbatim Report of the recent Moscow Trials.\*

To most of us the various points of the trial as they were reported in the English Press were definitely unbelievable. "Plot to kill Stalin." "Maxim Gorki murdered." We read of trains being wrecked, of flocks and herds being deliberately infected and slaughtered in thousands; strangest of all—to some readers—we were told that a man like Bukharin had confessed to having been long in league with the German and Japanese secret police.

Yagoda, the stern prosecutor of other trials, was said now to be himself a leader in a colossal and astounding plot. Over the whole fragmentary tale brooded the figure of Leon Trotsky. He was, we learned, stamping about in Mexico, vehemently denying the part that was being assigned to him from the dock, challenging fact after fact in long articles cabled to Sunday newspapers—newspapers which had, incidentally, developed a sudden unexpected enthusiasm for misunderstood revolutionaries.

"Ah, ha," said the section of the Penny Press that likes its beer with a good head on. "Terrorized into confession." "Tibetan drugs!" "Oh, ho," said the more sagacious journals, "This is not only the Russian soul, but a very queer kind of Russian justice." And lawyers pointed out that British courts, knowing human nature, will not accept an unsupported plea of guilt. "This trial just goes to show how right they are, for this is clearly a witch-hunt."

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\* Lawrence and Wishart.



My personal bewilderment was increased by the fact that I was an ex-patient of Dr. Levin's, who had, apparently, just confessed to three murders. Now my impression had been that if Dr. Levin's conduct should stray beyond professional propriety (which, believe me, it had not), it would have been in the direction of liking to be on terms of somewhat sentimental friendship with his patients, rather than of murdering them.

When the amateur criminologist is confronted with a strange case, when the amateur ornithologist is told of some bird that sounds quite unconvincing, he at once begins to try and think of parallels. 'It's not what that fellow says it is, but could he have seen a buzzard?' These echoes of the Soviet trials made us think of other cases, in fact or fiction. Were there other people who, appearing to have one set of convictions, were either found to have been acting all along from quite opposite motives, or who had suddenly reversed their actions and gone over to the other side? Sir Roger Casement, for example; and Benito Mussolini. Then there were cases, nearer in time or place, of politicians, beside whom many of us had sat on election platforms. These last, however, seemed to be accounted for simply enough. Here some Lost Leader had, discernibly, left us, either "for a handful of silver," or for a "riband to stick in his coat". The men in the dock at Moscow, on the other hand, had a good deal to lose. Then there was this curious business of confession. There were, of course, cases of heretics who had recanted at the stake, not to avoid the faggots in the market-place, but the eternal flame. They had died reconciled to the Church which punished them. But was Bukharin afraid of hell fire? Hardly. Literature provided confession parallels, however. The hero of *Crime and Punishment* committed a successful murder, had everything to lose by confessing it, and confessed. The Macbeths also both confessed, but not in a simple, logical way, never indeed wittingly but when confession was torn from them by unconscious urges. Another point cried out for elucidation; where, in fact or fiction, was a case in which so apparently hopeless a struggle had been waged for so long? If Leon Trotsky really played the part assigned to him by those in the dock, his pitiless spirit matched that of one being only, Milton's Lucifer—

" . . . . . What though the field be lost ?  
 All is not lost ; th' unconquerable will,  
 And study of revenge, immortal hate."

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

This spirit of scepticism evidently made itself heard in Moscow. The verbatim report of the whole proceedings during the eleven days of the trial which had been made, and immediately published in the U.S.S.R., was forthwith translated, and appeared almost simultaneously in England and America. The report is extremely long—just on 800 pages. Considering that the first copies were available in England less than eight weeks after the close of the trial, the work of translation was well done. It has, however, faults. These chiefly spring from the use of old-fashioned dictionaries, or from guessing. "Croupous pneumonia" was, a doctor tells me, a phrase once in use. But what is "pig plague"? Swine fever? A whole tale of horrible cruelty turns upon the introduction of disease into healthy heads. It would have been interesting to know. Again, instead of "sergeant major," we have twice "top sergeant." These are minor criticisms, however. These 800 pages remain unique. There has never been anything like this study of political and personal crime and "adventurism" (another of the translator's slightly doubtful words). The story is hammered home, sometimes by eloquence—as in the case of Rakovsky and Bukharin—sometimes by the sort of repetition that makes the actual proceedings in a court of law at once so boring and so moving.

The first thing that will strike the reader is that there is no general theory that will fit all these men. Their characters and their tempers are too various. For instance, it soon becomes clear that Zubarev and Zelensky were toughs, characters out of a gangster film. Khodkayev and Sharagovich and Ikramov on the contrary, were nationalists, sometimes swayed by an idea of liberating their country, sometimes yearning for the quick excitements of tribal life, sometimes dreaming of spending money (received by selling trading concessions to rich foreigners) on champagne and gipsies. Then Japan, Germany and Poland, were obviously so keen to get their agents into the U.S.S.R. that they were prepared to spend money and make promises such as

would account for almost anything that such children of nature might do.

With Yagoda the thing becomes slightly less obvious. Bulanov, his former secretary, is speaking of the period 1931:—

**BULANOV :** One day, Yagoda told me that they (that is, the Rights) had united with the Trotskyites and the Zinovievites. There could be absolutely no counting on achieving any success in the normal way, by means of a legal struggle within the Party. Only one means remained by which they could attain power—the violent method of a direct armed *coup*. Yagoda dreamed (true, I should not call them dreams, because he conceived it rather clearly as a reality) that in the future Council of People's Commissars he was to be the Chairman. Yagoda drew a parallel between the future Secretary of the future Central Committee, Bukharin, and Goebbels. In general, Yagoda was very much infatuated with Hitler.

**PROSECUTOR :** He was infatuated with fascism generally?

**BULANOV :** He was infatuated with Hitler, and said that his book, *My Struggle*, was a really worth-while book. He said that Bukharin would be no worse than Goebbels under him. (p. 553/4).

The story of how this same Yagoda entangled old Dr. Levin is frightful. He began by gifts and flattery, went on to lead him to commit very small misdemeanours (bringing in goods from abroad duty-free), and next, frightened him into incorrect treatment of a patient who was past recovery, but whose lingering was inconvenient because he was Yagoda's immediate superior. Then he told Levin frankly that he was now his absolute slave and must do precisely what he was told, or he and his family would be destroyed. Levin, terrified, thought of denouncing Yagoda. But it was word against word. Who would believe him? Yagoda who drove the old man without mercy; had his own poison laboratory. After all, the reader begins to think, is Iago, "more fell than anguish, hunger or the sea" really an exaggerated character? Yagoda will haunt you!

But more complex than those who were venal, those who were nationalist, those who were ambitious, those who were terrorized, are the characters of Rakovsky and Bukharin. Some knowledge of the history of the Russian parties makes this part of the story both more interesting and more alarming (because even more convincing), but even without knowledge the reader will be able to pick up the threads.

Rakovsky—a man over sixty—had been a life-long Socialist.



As a Soviet diplomat in London just after the fall of the Macdonald Government in November, 1924, two agents of the British Intelligence Service called upon him and showed him a compromising letter which purported to bear his signature and which, though he denied its authenticity, looked convincing enough to frighten him exceedingly. Rakovsky had not always agreed with the Party line. This letter was so well judged—time, place, possible motive—that the Party were quite likely to believe that, a kind of half opponent, he had swung right over and double-crossed them. He wanted to remain loyal to the Soviets. What was he to do? He temporized and consulted Trotsky. Trotsky agreed that Rakovsky was not in too good odour; he had better go carefully. Rakovsky agreed to hand over some information. The British Intelligence Service did not at first seem to want anything of him that it was absolutely against his conscience to do. Later, naturally, demands increased.

As a Trotskyist Rakovsky was, later still, for a time in semi-exile; then, in February, 1934, he sent a telegram to the Central Committee of the Party saying that he had “completely disarmed” himself, “both ideologically and organizationally.” He asked to be reinstated. His word was believed, and he was given a minor post. But, he says, “my repentance was not sincere”. He was a man with a past. Sent to Japan to take part in a Red Cross Conference, Rakovsky soon found himself once more involved in international espionage. It was done in a flattering way, over coffee cups, at a banquet. “I returned from Tokyo with the credentials of a Japanese spy in my pocket.” Twice this man analyses his own mental processes. He says, for instance, that his own evolution from honest opposition to espionage was, owing to the gap caused by his period of exile, peculiar. When he first got back the attitude of the other Trotskyists shocked him. Then he caught up with them.

“It took me . . . only a few months . . . to consummate that evolution of Trotskyism which took other Trotskyites several years. . . . Trotskyism passed through a period of passive defeatism when it was maliciously gleeful over every mistake, every failure in the sphere of Socialist construction. . . . The second period was the period of active defeatism, a period when one does not wait for mistakes or failures. . . but begins to cause them by wrecking activities carried on according to a definite system and programme; when one no longer waits for offers to

come from the outside, by chance, but begins to look for connections ; espionage then becomes a system. This very evolution of Trotskyism—from passive defeatism to active defeatism—I passed through during the period of 1934.” (p. 295/6).

At last Vyshinsky, the Public Prosecutor, discusses a point which the reader has been longing to hear expounded :—

“ *VYSHINSKY* : . . . . . For the sake of what did you Trotskyites wage this struggle against the Soviet state ?

*RAKOVSKY* : For the sake of the seizure of power.

*VYSHINSKY* : . . . . . Seizure of power . . . . . for what object ?

*RAKOVSKY* : . . . . . To destroy the achievements which exist at the present moment.

*VYSHINSKY* : That is to say, to destroy the Socialist order ?

*RAKOVSKY* : The return, I do not say openly, of the capitalist system. . . . .

*VYSHINSKY* : You won't say this openly ?

*RAKOVSKY* : . . . . . It did not figure in my mind as an open, obvious aim, but in my subconscious mind I cannot help realizing that this is what I was after.

*VYSHINSKY* : What premise and what historical prognosis did you act upon ?

*RAKOVSKY* : A very indefinite prognosis. This was an adventure—  
if power can be seized, all right, if not . . . . .” (310)

But did they not (Vyshinsky pursues) proceed from (1) the well-known thesis that a single socialist State cannot exist ? and (2) the thesis that the U.S.S.R. taken alone had an economic and cultural level upon which it was impossible to build socialist society ? Rakovsky agrees that this was the notion from which they started, but adds (sadly rather than cynically) “ this soon went by the board”. At last, pressed further about their willingness to “ open the frontier ” to the Germans, Japanese and Poles, Rakovsky says, “ When we thought it possible to seize power and to hold it without handing it over to the Fascists, it was insanity.” Vyshinsky suggests that the actions to which Rakovsky has admitted “ are not only treason to the Soviet State, but treason to the whole international labour movement.” Rakovsky says that he wants to make a statement. The Prosecutor replies, that he may by all means, if he will speak “ without long historical digressions.” (He had previously spoken learnedly, for instance, of Cardinal Richelieu's policy towards the Huguenots).

Rakovsky begins by reminding the court that, for eight months, as he lay in prison :—

“ I denied everything and refused to testify. . . . Nobody will deny that imprisonment, solitude in general, makes people undertake a revalua-

tion of values. But I remember, and will never forget as long as I live, the circumstances which finally impelled me to give evidence. During one of the examinations . . . I learnt, in the first place, that Japanese aggression had begun . . . against the Chinese people, I learnt of Germany's and Italy's undisguised aggression against the Spanish people. . . .

"I learnt of the feverish preparations which all the fascist states were making to unleash a world war. What a reader usually absorbs every day in small doses in telegrams, I received at once in a big dose. This had a stunning effect on me. All my past rose before me. Of course this past may be reduced to naught and will be obliterated by my disgraceful actions, but as an inner motive, nothing and nobody can do anything against it. All my past rose before me, my responsibilities, and it became clear to me that I myself was a party to this, that I was responsible, that I myself had helped the aggressors with my treasonable activities. . . . I sat in judgment over myself. I had given myself to the labour movement from my youth, and where had I got to? I had reached a stage when I facilitated the vilest work with my actions, I had facilitated the fascist aggressors' preparations to destroy culture, civilization, all the achievements of democracy, all the achievements of the working class.

"That is what induced me to speak. that is what overcame my obstinacy, my false shame born of vanity, fear of my own fate, which was not worthy of a man who had once taken part in the revolutionary movement. My rancour, which all of us harboured, some to a greater and some to a lesser extent, rancour against the leadership, rancour against particular individuals, had played a great part. Rancour and ambition fell from me. I considered that from now on my duty was to help in this struggle against the aggressor, that I would go and expose myself fully and entirely, and I told the investigator that on the following day I would begin to give complete, exhaustive testimony." (313-4).

Bukharin's character emerges as more complicated than Rakovsky's and his intellect as more powerful. He and the Public Prosecutor have obviously long loathed each other. Bukharin, for instance, tells Vyshinsky at one point that "a study of the elementary rules of logic" should surely have prevented him from asking a particular question; he says to his accuser. "There is no need for you to gesticulate"! Vyshinsky, for his part, speaks of him as "that little gentleman in the dock," and adds bitterly in allusion to Bukharin's former recantation, "How many times has Bukharin sworn by the name of Lenin, only the better to deceive and to betray the Party, the country, and the cause." But what annoys Bukharin is to be spoken of as a pure theoretician.

"I once more repeat that I admit that I am guilty of treason to the Socialist fatherland, the most heinous of possible crimes, of the organization of kulak uprisings, of preparations for terrorist acts and of belonging to an underground, anti-Soviet organization. I further admit that I am guilty of organizing a conspiracy for a 'palace coup.' And this . . . proves the incorrectness of all those passages in the speech for the prosecution



made by Citizen the State Prosecutor, where he makes out that I adopted the pose of a pure theoretician, the pose of a philosopher, and so on. These are profoundly practical matters! I said, and I now repeat, that I was a leader and not a cog in the counter-revolutionary affairs."

Could vanity, the reader asks himself, and a desire to stand on a "bad eminence" go further? And yet it is from Bukharin, that unpleasantly pedantic 'little gentleman,' that the English reader gets far the clearest exposition of the whole mystery. He makes it in the course of his "last plea." Bukharin, having almost proudly admitted his responsibility not only for what he did himself, but for the acts of others of which he was ignorant, says:—

"I already said when giving my main testimony during the trial, that it was not the naked logic of the struggle that drove us, the counter-revolutionary conspirators, into this stinking underground life, which has been exposed at this trial in all its starkness. This naked logic of the struggle was accompanied by a degeneration of ideas, a degeneration of psychology, a degeneration of ourselves. . . . There are well-known historical examples of such degeneration. One need only mention Briand, Mussolini and others. And we too degenerated, and this brought us into a camp which in its views and features was very much akin to a kulak prætorian fascism. This process advanced all the time very rapidly under the conditions of a developing class struggle, this struggle, its speed, its existence, acted as the accelerator, as the catalytic agent of the process which was expressed in the acceleration of the process of degeneration.

"But this process of degeneration . . . took place in absolutely different conditions from those in which the process of degeneration of the international labour leaders in Western Europe took place. It took place amidst colossal socialist construction, with its immense scope, tasks, victories, difficulties, heroism. . . .

". . . . Every one of us sitting here in the dock suffered from a peculiar duality of mind, an incomplete faith in his counter-revolutionary cause. . . . And this was due to the objective grandeur of socialist construction. . . . A dual psychology arose. Each one of us can discern this in his own soul. . .

"Even I was sometimes carried away by the eulogies I wrote of socialist construction, although on the morrow I repudiated this by practical actions of a criminal character. There arose what in Hegel's philosophy is called a most unhappy mind. . . .

"The might of the proletarian state found its expression not only in the fact that it smashed the counter-revolutionary bands, but also in the fact that it disintegrated its enemies from within, that it disorganized the will of its enemies. Nowhere else is this the case, nor can it be in any capitalist country.

". . . . When some of the West European and American intellectuals begin to entertain doubts and vacillations in connection with the trials taking place in the U.S.S.R., this is primarily due to the fact that these people do not understand the radical distinction, namely, that in our country the antagonist, the enemy, has at the same time a divided, a dual mind. I think this is the first thing to be understood. . . .

"Repentance is often attributed to diverse and absolutely absurd things like Tibetan powders and the like. I must say of myself that in prison, where I was confined for over a year, I worked, studied, and retained my clarity of mind. This will serve to refute by facts all fables and absurd counter-revolutionary tales.

"Hypnotism is suggested. But I conducted my own defence in Court. . . orientated myself on the spot, argued with the State Prosecutor ; and . . . even a man who has little experience in this branch of medicine, must admit that hypnotism of this kind is altogether impossible.

"This repentance is often attributed to the Dostoyevsky mind, to the specific properties of the soul (*'l'âme slave'* as it is called), and this can be said of types like Alyosha Karamazov, the heroes of the *'Idiot'* and other Dostoyevsky characters, who are prepared to stand up in the public square and cry : *'Beat me, Orthodox Christians, I am a villain!'*

"But that is not the case here at all. *'L'âme slave'* and the psychology of Dostoyevsky characters are a thing of the remote past in our country. . . .

"I shall now speak of myself, of the reasons for my repentance. Of course, it must be admitted that incriminating evidence plays a very important part. For three months I refused to say anything. Then I began to testify. Why ? Because while in prison I made a reevaluation of my entire past. For when you ask yourself : *'If you must die, what are you dying for?—an absolutely black vacuity suddenly rises before you with startling vividness. There was nothing to die for, if one wanted to die unrepented. And, on the contrary, everything positive that glistens in the Soviet Union acquires new dimensions in a man's mind. This in the end disarmed me completely. . . . And when you ask yourself : 'Very well, suppose you do not die ; suppose by some miracle you remain alive, again, what for ? Isolated from everybody, an enemy of the people, in an inhuman position, completely isolated from everything that constitutes the essence of life. . . .'* At such moments, Citizens, Judges, everything personal, all the personal incrustation, all the rancour, pride and a number of other things, fall away, disappear. And, in addition, when the reverberations of the broad international struggle reach your ear, all this in its entirety does its work, and the result is the complete internal moral victory of the U.S.S.R. . . . I happened by chance to get Feuchtwanger's book from the prison library. There he refers to the trials of the Trotskyites. It produced a profound impression on me ; but I must say that Feuchtwanger did not get at the core of the matter. He stopped half way, not everything was clear to him. . . . As a matter of fact, everything is clear. World history is a world court of judgment : A number of groups of Trotskyite leaders went bankrupt and have been cast into the pit. That is true. But you cannot do what Feuchtwanger does in relation to Trotsky in particular, when he places him on the same plane as Stalin. Here his arguments are absolutely false. For in reality the whole country stands behind Stalin ; . . . he is a creator." 775-8.

Twice Bukharin says that he is addressing himself particularly to intellectuals abroad. It seems to me that we must be humble enough to take a lesson from him. To read the whole book is, I think, to agree that there is something wrong in our estimation of human nature, if we have been unable to understand the tale. It is a story that would have seemed terrible indeed, but

comprehensible to our ancestors. But the nineteenth century was the great age of concealment. We have forgotten. We have allowed historians to wrap up this and that. We had allowed the nineteenth century to make us feel that the Elizabethans, that Milton, took rather a melodramatic view of human behaviour. Of late a number of happenings, certain apostasies, certain other events—the Abdication was one of them—have taken the intelligentsia more by surprise than they have simpler people. It seems to me that those of us who are writers of fiction, of poetry, or of drama, are failing in our duty (one aspect of which is, I take it, to try to make this mad world comprehensible) if we turn our backs on such contemporary themes. What a source book for a Webster, a Ford, a Milton or a Shakespeare!



## THE CYCLE

BY RICHARD CHURCH

I know the truth! For I have slept so long,  
Slept through the troubled times ; the rumbling wheels,  
The iron caterpillars on the cornfields,  
The loud rending apart of children's limbs,  
The bomb competing with a woman's breasts.

Knowing these things were coming with the heroes,  
I turned aside, hiding my head in fear,  
And in that individual darkness saw  
With a prophet's eye, the bomb before it fell,  
The woman's breast still suckling the child,  
The rosy limbs still kicking in her lap,  
The green corn springing from untrodden soil.

Then, in mad imagination cloaked,  
I saw the horror fall upon the world  
Before it fell, taking my punishment  
Before it came. So, through the deed, I slept,  
Bleeding from the uninflicted wound.

This is the quicker pulse of poets' blood ;  
To see the martyr in his mother's lap,  
The crucified at play among the shavings,  
The hero with the ball before the bomb  
Poised in his fist. And in that premature  
Racing of blood, the poet sees his death

Before he dies, and dies a thousand times  
Though none beside himself has heard the wheels,  
The iron caterpillars on the cornfields,  
The loud rending apart of children's limbs,  
The bomb competing with a woman's breasts.

Now all is over, I awake and find  
The dream come true. I see a shattered world ;  
The heroes, with their mischief pulled about them,  
Lying buried in their own destruction.  
The corn is springing green ; another woman  
Guides her warm nipple to the groping mouth,  
And strokes the limbs still innocent of pain.

He who is first to fear will be the first  
To sing of fear's defeat, and joy returned.

## NATION AND STATE

BY C. A. MACARTNEY

**T**O-DAY, in the summer of 1938, the world is trembling lest it should be dragged into war over the unresolved national question in one of the Successor States of the former Austro-Hungarian Empire. And in this acutely dangerous conflict, the League has not only failed to mediate between the conflicting nationalities ; its mediation has hardly been evoked. Nor is this due solely to the fact that the authority of the League as a whole is to-day at a low ebb. Some parts of its structure, such as the International Labour Organization, still stand almost intact ; but of the system of minority protection established so carefully, and with such high hopes, only twenty years ago hardly a trace remains.

For years past it has been growing steadily less effective, less regarded. In 1934 the most important of the States signatory to the Minority Treaties flatly repudiated its obligations ; most of its colleagues, if refraining from overt defiance, have yet for years past tacitly boycotted their Treaties, to a greater or less degree. This has evoked no more than the mildest, the most half-hearted, protests from the guarantors of the Treaties, the Great Powers, on whom the onus of enforcing the peace was expected to fall. Even the Assembly has abandoned the practice of discussing the minorities problem.

What, we may ask, are the causes of this extraordinary breakdown, for which it is difficult in theory to discover any justification ? The Treaties, properly applied, ought to have constituted a guarantee and reinforcement of the position both of the signatory States and of the Great Powers. The whole system was based on the practical recognition of the fact that the oppression of minorities must lead to profound unrest, and that, if the aggrieved minority enjoyed the sympathy of a State inhabited by its kinsfolk, strained relations were bound to arise



between that State and the State of which the minorities formed part, leading, where the geographical situation permitted, to irredentism and perhaps to war. This again was likely to involve the Powers—must involve them, if they took their obligations under the Covenant seriously. The Treaties thus formed a sort of buffer or cushion against the rigidity of Article X of the Covenant. They were designed to prevent situations from arising which called for active measures in fulfilment of that Article. Similarly, the impartial control of the League Council was devised to prevent the unilateral intervention of over-sympathetic individual States.

Why, then, have both parties in whose interests the system was devised combined to destroy it?

The hostility of the signatory States was only to be expected. Most of them originally accepted their obligations only under duress, and never made any pretence that they would go further towards fulfilling them than they were obliged. They justified this attitude, as a rule, by complaining that the failure to make the Treaties universal, or even to apply them to all the Successor States (the exemption of Italy was particularly resented) constituted an act of inequality and an undeserved stigma on themselves. But their real objection lay deeper. They did not accept the premises on which the system was established. They believed that given a free hand they could deal with their own minorities, and they saw in any kind of outside protection or control only an obstacle raised by misguided men to the complete fulfilment of their ambitions. "Protection" of any kind only hardened the resistance of the minorities; without it, they would either submit to assimilation, or at the worst, their position would be so weakened that they would cease to present a danger. Their membership of the League and their private alliances seemed, in view of the weakness of the only States likely to put forward irredentist claims, sufficient bulwark against any hostile movement: strong enough to allow them to treat the Covenant as though Article XIX. formed no part of it.

But the Great Powers, the guarantors of the Treaties, might have been expected to act otherwise. The considerations outlined above do not apply to them. They have nothing to

gain, everything to lose from an exacerbation of national conflicts. Yet of all the duties laid upon the Council of the League, there is none which it has performed more reluctantly and with worse grace than that of the protection of minorities. Some States have allowed themselves to be influenced by their alliances with signatories to the Treaties ; others by the vitreous nature of their own houses ; others, it may be, by innate stupidity and ignorance of history. The reasons are various ; but, for one cause or another, even where the Powers did not share the views of the Signatory States, they have countenanced them. Thus no serious or sustained attempt has ever been made to apply the League system.

But the results have been far other than the opponents of minority protection prophesied and hoped. The weaker minorities have sunk into a sullen passivity which cannot, indeed, endanger the peace, but certainly contributes nothing to its consolidation. The powerful and active minorities, those in particular possessing kinsfolk outside the frontiers of their States, are now voicing their grievances and pressing their claims for redress more vigorously than ever. It is true that they are only minorities ; but the minorities in the Danubian States amount to something like 20% of the total population. In Rumania, the percentage is nearer 25% ; in Poland, higher than that ; in Czechoslovakia—even counting Czechs and Slovaks as one people—almost one third.

What is more important still, the result of the collapse of the system of impartial supervision through the League has been that the claims of many of the minorities are now backed from outside, not with a view to diminishing them, but rather to magnifying them ; not with the ultimate object of securing the stability of the States concerned but in some cases, at least, in the hope of undermining it. And this backing is in some cases of so active a character that it cannot possibly be ignored. Bulgaria is still helpless ; the Little Entente can still, perhaps, combine against Hungary ; but when Germany is interesting herself in the situation of a German minority, the legally unassailable standpoint that she has no right to do so is one which in practice no State can maintain.

A position has therefore arisen in which the voice of the minorities can no longer be ignored. This being so, it is well to understand precisely what they are asking.

The minorities are in all stages of spiritual and political development, and not all of them harbour wishes so advanced as their strongest and most highly cultivated members. Nevertheless, it is the position among the latter that we should consider, both because the most advanced minorities also present in practice the most important problem, and because their ideas appear to be spreading with some rapidity to their more backward colleagues.

The dominating factor in the present situation is the development and general acceptance of the Germanic conception of *Volkstum*, and the exceedingly exalted position assigned in this philosophy to the *Volk*.

Even before the War, the distinction which might exist between a man's personal nationality—in the sense in which, in the British Isles, he might be an Englishman, a Welshman or a Scot, or in the old Hungary, a Magyar, a Serb, a Slovak, a Rumanian—and the political nationality which made him a British or a Hungarian subject was, of course, well recognized. It was the overwhelming cohesive force of this idea of personal nationality, and the strength of the aspiration towards "national self-determination" which it commonly engendered, that led to those great movements of the past century in which the old States standing in the way of the fulfilment of such aspirations disappeared one by one to make room for the new national States. When Herr Hitler proclaimed in *Mein Kampf* that the *Volk* constituted a higher form of collectivity than the State, whose business it was simply to serve the development of the "race," he was saying nothing new. It was this identical belief which made possible the creation of Italy, Poland, Czechoslovakia—in fact, of most of the European States of to-day.

But in the great process of the realization of "national self-determination," which dominated the century from Vienna to Versailles, those members of a given nationality which, for geographical or historical reasons could not be included in the new national State, were left out in the cold. The Minority



Treaties themselves recognized that the active consciousness of personal nationality was a natural feeling, which ought to be respected. But they assigned it something of a secondary place, only stipulating that it should not be injured by unjust discrimination against it, or by pressure to abandon it. The treatment of this feeling was analogous with that of religious conviction. It was right that a State should respect the national feelings of its citizens, as it should respect their religious feelings, and just as there are violations of the principle of religious tolerance against which revolt seems justified, so the Minority Treaties forbade national intolerance. But whereas religious communities have a corporate existence—and in some cases the authority of instances outside the national frontiers is recognized, within its own sphere—national feeling was treated as a purely individual matter. No right to collective representation in a State was recognized to members of the same nationality; far less was any tie, other than the purely sentimental, recognized to exist between members of the same personal nationality inhabiting different States.

The new conception of *Volkstum* assigns to nationality a far higher place than this. It is analogous to the strict idea of Catholicism as held by the religious, but not the court authorities. It is independent of frontiers. Every member of a given *Volk* is equally an heir and representative of his *Volkstum*, whether he lives in his own national State or outside it. In this respect, every such community forms a closed corporation, the relations between whose members are exclusively their own concern. That they should join hands across the frontiers is not only their right, but also their duty. And it is also their right and duty to afford one another mutual help and protection against any infringement of their common heritage.

It is natural that the emergence of this doctrine should have caused, some consternation among the States possessing minorities particularly those so unfortunate as to own German minorities contiguous to the *Reich*. And there is no doubt that the enhanced national consciousness of such minorities has led them to put forward more extensive claims, and has increased irredentist feeling to a degree which constitutes a real threat to the territorial integrity of more than one State. If in such

cases it is to be counteracted, either stronger repressive measures will be required than seemed necessary a quarter of a century ago, or else far wider concessions. It may well be that in some instances the only solution will prove to be frontier revision.

It would, however, be a mistake to regard the *Volkstum* theory as a mere pseudo-philosophical disguise for the better masking of German imperialist ambitions. Herr Hitler, it is true, preached it, and subsequently took Austria unto himself; but one only has to read *Mein Kampf* to see how genuinely Herr Hitler's early experiences led him to believe that the only natural destiny of Austria was that of absorption in the Reich. But there are many minorities, including many German groups, to whom a solution of this kind is practically impossible. The Germans of Estonia or of Transylvania cannot hope ever to form part of a National German State; and yet to them the idea of *Volkstum* has come with at least as much force as it has to those differently situated. Perhaps with more force still, since living in alien States, as "national minorities," treated at best as citizens of the second-class, they have received more comfort in the feeling that in their nationality they possessed a thing which could rightly claim their highest devotion.

It is isolated groups such as these which have evolved out of their own past experiences and present situations the philosophy which they consider appropriate to a national minority. Precisely their acceptance of the idea of *Volkstum* has led them to seek a solution for their problems which is based on rigid emphasis of the complete duality of nation and State. They resist any kind of denationalization, or even any influence by the State on their own national culture, for here the nation is alone competent, the State has nothing to say. But they also reject irredentism, for by concerning itself with questions of frontiers, the nation would be trespassing on the domain of the State. Some of these groups are opposed even to the formation of their own political parties, holding that parties are concerned with political and not with national issues; on these, the member of a minority should not seek any kind of special position. Thus the national corporations for which they ask, for the purpose of collective control of their own affairs, and collective negotiation, through their leaders,

with the State authorities where this is necessary, are not to regulate their whole life, but only the exclusively "national" aspects of it.

Most of the groups have not adopted so logical an attitude, and have sought to create a certain political and economic co-operation also among their members. As this involves some degree of submission to the will of the leader, or leaders, once elected, the analogy to the system of totalitarian Germany is apparent, and it may easily degenerate into a totalitarian *régime*. In origin, however, this close co-operation between the members of a national group has only this much in common with the suppression of minority thought in Germany that, in each case, close unification has been adopted as the best method of resistance against threats from without—whether from surrounding States, or from the pressure of the majority nationality. Incidentally, the idea of national grouping for cultural purposes derives in great part from the pre-1914 aspirations of the intellectual leaders of the Austrian Social Democrats who, in contrast to the *bourgeois* politicians of their day, desired to maintain Austria intact as a great super-national State; in their view a higher form of organism and one for which her mixed national composition fitted her better than parcellation into a series of national states.

Even insistence on the right of free intercourse with all other members of the same *Volk* does not necessarily mean a slavish adoption of the present German system; although, in view of the fact that Herr Hitler has proclaimed himself *Führer* not only of the German Reich, but also of the German people, it is likely in practice to do so.

As we said, any growth of national feeling in an important minority is likely to be unwelcome to the State affected, particularly where the geographical situation is such that it may easily turn into irredentism. Even where this danger does not arise, the respective fields of action of State and nation are not always easy to define exactly. Just as the former has in the past too often trespassed on the latter, so the reverse may easily happen. In the case, in particular, of a German minority there is then the added danger that Germany herself may not distinguish clearly between her own dual position of chief home



and focus of the German *Volkstum*, and a great national State possessed of political ambitions. Nevertheless, to students of the minority problem, the attitude adopted by the minority groups which have evolved these theories (led by the Germans of Estonia) is theoretically unassailable. Is it then not possible to work out a solution of the minority position by adopting it in practice?

Those few States which have tried the experiment of allowing their minorities cultural liberty have had no reason to regret their action. According to the unanimous testimony of all parties concerned, and of disinterested observers, the results have been completely successful from every point of view. It might, therefore, seem that the whole problem could be solved simply by generalizing this experiment. It will, however, be objected that these cases have proved successful precisely because the question of irredentism could not arise there; a State in a more exposed position cannot allow itself such luxuries.

The obvious answer to this is that a State in an exposed position cannot allow itself the luxury of discontented minorities. The greater the threat of irredentism, the more urgent the need to disarm it, and to allow no just pretext for interference by the State ethnically akin to the minority. If, even with a clear conscience, a State cannot feel safe against irredentism, its only remedy will lie in the strengthening of its armaments and alliances, the latter including the system of collective security through the League. It is, however, probable that in a very considerable proportion of cases, including some which to-day appear the most dangerous, that grant of national liberty and equality would exercise the danger. Nationality is only one of several possible factors which call for consideration in the determination of frontiers. In an area of mixed population, such as Eastern Europe, it cannot in any case claim to be alone decisive. It only acquires overwhelming importance in the eyes of the minority itself if the fact of its nationality entails hardships or injustices. If this were avoided, then other considerations—economic, social or traditional—will assert their force if the frontiers have been drawn in accordance with them. If these factors also are unfavourable, it may be as well frankly

to admit that those who dictated the boundaries after the War were not infallible ; and to draw the consequences.

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Nothing that has happened since 1920 has impaired the theory of League protection. Recent events in Czechoslovakia have indeed, afforded the best proof of its soundness. Where the League as a whole failed to make its weight felt, the individual Great Powers who for other reasons could not disinterest themselves in the fate of Czechoslovakia were obliged to intervene with their counsels in favour of concessions to the minorities. They were obliged, in fact, to do individually, and at a moment of crisis, what the makers of the system hoped would be done collectively, and in time to prevent crises from arising.

It must, however, be admitted that the League's position is more difficult than it was in 1920. The fact that Germany has now left the League, and pursues it with her scorn and abuse, makes it difficult for the League, with the best will in the world, to preserve complete impartiality ; and if it could, it would have a hard task to persuade the minorities that it had done so. Nor, as we saw, would the difficulty be met in all cases even by a rigid and conscientious enforcement of the Minorities Treaties—even if we set aside the notorious difficulty of any effective outside compulsion upon a State to conduct its affairs in a manner repugnant to the wishes of its inhabitants. For League control to give the best results, the Minority Treaties would first have to be revised, in the direction not of relaxing, but of strengthening them ; and there is little prospect to-day that any important minority State would accept such a revision. The best hope for the future must be that the States containing minorities will themselves accept the theory of the duality between nation and State ; and by so doing, they would involve themselves in far less formidable dangers than they imagine. For by refraining from trespassing on the domain of the nation, they could also effectively and with cogent logic repress any attempt by the nation to usurp the functions of the State.

## AN INDIAN PORTENT : *Dictatorship by Proxy*

BY SIR ALBION BANERJI, C.S.I., C.I.E.

**D**ESPITE the optimistic assurances of two distinguished British peers, Lord Samuel and Lord Lothian, recently returned from India, there are threatening clouds on the Indian horizon. What is it, for instance, that has caused a recrudescence of the communal clashes between Hindus and Moslems ? Attempts to settle differences between the Congress and the All-India Muslim League have failed. And Mr. M. A. Jinnah in his presidential address to the special session of the League at Calcutta (April 17th) made no bones about the feeling among large sections of Indian opinion with regard to the power now wielded by the Congress. He said, in fact :

“ We Muslims cannot surrender, submerge under, or submit to the dictates of the ukase of the High Command of the Congress, which is developing into a totalitarian caucus functioning under the name of the Working Committee and aspiring to the position of a shadow Cabinet of the future Republic.”

The object of this article is to indicate the struggle that has now begun both in British India as well as in Indian States between true Democracy and a new form of Dictatorship which may not incorrectly be described as Dictatorship by proxy.

Should Federation come into being, and the obstacles that are now in the way be removed by the introduction of suitable reforms in the State Administration and in the State constitution, the representatives in the Federal Assembly as well as the Senate will undoubtedly be for the most part Congress adherents. The Prime Minister of India will very likely be one of the leaders of the Congress commanding the highest majority, and thus able to form a Cabinet of Congress followers.

Such developments will not remove the necessity for a High Command of the Congress styled “Working Committee”, the body over which, in fact, Mahatma Gandhi continues—from the



background—to preside. His newspaper *Harijan*, is the delphic oracle, and his direct intervention is of common occurrence. This, till now, has no doubt exercised a wholesale influence, as in the case of recent events in Mysore. It is greatly to be feared, however, that when Mr. Gandhi's influence disappears—and it cannot last for ever—the young bloods of the Congress Party who have extreme views, and now represent the Extreme Left, will gradually secure ascendancy in the Congress itself, and may choose a leader who, while not occupying any position in the Parliament of India, Provincial or Centre, will exercise a dictatorial authority over the whole Government, making use of the so-called representative institutions for merely Congress purposes.

Elections in municipalities and District Boards held recently show a distinct tendency of the wholesale adoption of Congress Candidates throughout the country. There is undoubtedly a feeling that Congress adherence will confer benefits, whereas opposition will mean social and economic ostracism. Moreover, agrarian discontent is being fostered in some of the provinces, and this is bound to assume serious proportions as time goes on. The Government bereft of a large portion of its revenues, will be powerless to carry on, what with the no-rent campaign and the Prohibition policy that is being gradually extended.

Thus we are witnessing the emergence in India of a new kind of political institution, unheard of in past history, namely, a dictatorship by proxy. Such a dictatorship does not need military strength behind it, but uses its great popularity and support from the general masses of the people under the avowed creed of non-violence. And it uses the democratic institution of an elected Parliament as an instrument to carry out its policy: even so, the Cabinet is no more than a servant, acting on the commands of its master, who is constitutionally not responsible to anyone. It will be interesting to watch how this kind of dictatorship by proxy will work.

To take one example, Mr. Gandhi has always been urging that Hindi should be the *lingua franca* of India, and he has now given his word of command that the Congress Ministries should introduce legislation immediately to bring this about. As a result, the Minister of Education will, no doubt, bring a Bill

efore the House. Supposing there is strong opposition (and, as we know, there is very strong feeling amongst the Moslems on this point) what will be the consequences if the measure is thrown out? According to Parliamentary procedure, the Ministry should resign, but I doubt very much whether the Congress Ministry will be willing to resign on any one particular measure like this. A solid vote in favour of any Congress measure that may be opposed by a small or large minority such as the Moslems will be, surely, of common occurrence and force sudden changes upon the people through the dictatorial powers of the Congress High Command. Supposing there are strikes in schools, boycott, and even the threat of violence, is the Congress party going to direct from its headquarters that force should be met with force, violence with violence, and that the police of the country be instructed to coerce the people to accept this change? It stands to reason that if the Government seriously intends to carry out such a policy, it will have to use force in the end as an ultimate resort. In such cases, how will the Congress creed of non-violence help bring about this or that change when there is bitter opposition to it? The only course that *can* be resorted to by the High Command will be to direct the police to enforce it.

This may well mean disturbance of a serious kind throughout the length and breadth of the country, which can only be controlled by force. Only very recently a Hindi boycott Committee has been formed in Southern India, and demonstrations are taking place in front of the Prime Minister's residence resulting in the arrest of many persons, one of whom went on a hunger strike and was sent to jail as a criminal offender. These, certainly, are indications that the Government machinery can be effectively used to enforce the policy of the Congress High Command. Recent happenings in some of the major provinces go far to confirm this report. The situation in Bengal, where the landed aristocracy is threatened with extinction, is very serious indeed.

India, then, is gradually drifting to the curious and anomalous position of having a dictator by proxy in Mr. Gandhi, who does not directly rule as the head of the Government, but who dictates policy which is accepted without demur, almost with

the sanctity of a religious injunction, and whose advice is sought during every crisis and even on matters of general policy by the Committee of Prime Ministers of the seven Congress-governed Provinces. Direct consultations take place between him as the Head of the Congress and the highest British Representative, the Viceroy and Governor General, on all matters regarding which there is controversy. Mr. Gandhi's recent visit to the North-Western Frontier and his conversations with the Governor make one very dubious about likely developments in the future.

It seems imperative that some means should be found to educate public opinion against the establishment of a dictatorship in the general government of the country. Faith in Mr. Gandhi and his good-will are undoubtedly all to the good in regard to matters political, economic, religious and social, but India with her teeming millions, with diverse creeds and social differences, cannot be governed justly and impartially unless leaders elected from every community are prepared to take the risk and stand before the bar of the judgment of public opinion and abide by the consequences. A dictator by proxy is guarded by the halo of his own greatness, and does not make himself liable to any of the dangers which European Dictators every day have to face. Nor will the democratic machinery which has been set up by the Government of India Act ever succeed in breaking the threat from Congress.

In the pronouncements of neither of the noble Lords who have been addressing the British public on Indian developments does one find any reference to this novel and unique situation that has arisen.

Lord Samuel, of course, dealt with the creed of separation and independence, which is an essential part of the Congress propaganda, and he gave the creed a very liberal interpretation, urging the immediate grant of Dominion status to India under the Statute of Westminster. This, he hoped, would leave the choice free to India for remaining within the British Empire or severing India's connection from it, and his view was that Congress was almost certain eventually to be in favour of the former alternative.

Lord Lothian, speaking as the chief guest at the banquet held in honour of the birthday of His Highness the



Maharajah of Mysore, held forth to the Princes of India the example of the British Crown in relation to the people since the days of Charles I., and, coming down to the Victorian era after the passing of the Bill of Rights and at the present time, drew the comfortable conclusion that before federation can ever come into being the rulers of Indian States have to transfer some of their sovereign authority to the chosen representatives of their peoples, also allowing freedom and liberty of person and of speech.

Actually, the question is how far would the grant of Dominion status as recommended by Lord Samuel prevent the control of Government passing from the hands of Democracy into the hands of those who want a Totalitarian State. Democracy is on its trial, and, as indeed emphasized in Lord Samuel's address, the system of party Government with a responsible opposition, which is essential to the smooth and satisfactory working of democratic institutions, shows no signs of developing either in the Provinces or at the Centre.

## ART IN NAZI GERMANY

BY GONDA GORE

GERMAN art has never enjoyed that continuity of development which links each French art movement with the movements that preceded it and those which follow, and which gave each Italian painter his position and a natural task. There were periods of brilliant painting in Germany—the period of Grünewald, Altdorfer, Holbein, the period of the great baroque mural decorators which are the glory of the convents and churches of Austria and Bavaria, the period of noble portrait painters like Graff and Friedrich August Tischbein, the period of the Romantics, Runge, Friedrich, Schinkel, and at last the period of Expressionism. But some of these only lasted a few decades and they were separated from each other through long years—even centuries—when there was no art worth mentioning in a broad sense, no original art that could be called typically German. But the first years of this century gave birth to a style which was neither imported from abroad nor a national development of any tradition.

German Expressionism could hardly be called a movement, for there was no common programme, and one of its main characteristics was the extreme individualism of its artists. They were all tired of Impressionism, of the purely external way of looking at things, of limiting the painter's work to the work done by his eyes and his hands. They were impressed by Van Gogh's temperament and Munch's melancholy. They were, further, under that international spell of the exotic, and at the same time enchanted by the discovery of their own primitives—the South German glass painters and North German craftsmen. They were all thoroughly unconventional in their approach to the subject and in technique, all painting visions instead of "reality." They wanted to express their souls—hence their name. There was Kokoschka who painted men and

women with faces marked by the burden of problematic relationships and loneliness; Nolde who painted men like masks, masks full of fearful life, landscapes of overwhelming desertedness; Kirchner, Heckel, Müller who painted figures with hard, broken outlines as though carved in wood; Schmidt-Rottluff who followed the rhythm of movements by lines. Then, Marc who painted animals because their expression seemed to him more generally valid than man's; who achieved creations which were half animals and half abstract or, like his last works, abstract in a very pure and lively sense; Macke who reached a quality of paint worthy of any French artist; Klee whose linear inventions are the most fanciful play; George Grosz whose drawings are the most cruel and truthful caricatures of the ruling classes; and Beckmann who built constructions of human bodies as of stone.

All that these painters did was new and problematic and sometimes crude. They did not try to make things appear beautiful, at least not in the traditional meaning of that word. Each of them wanted to state what seemed vital to him: feelings, thoughts, theories, the kind of problems which seem first to be private and then become general. It is natural that they were understood only by a few of their contemporaries. Art has not been popular at least since the time of the Impressionists who by their dictum of *l'art pour l'art* contributed to the artist's isolation. The Expressionists had to wait for many years before people began to see what they meant, for the public's eye, which always lags behind the newest development of art, had only just begun to appreciate the pictures of the Impressionists. There is no doubt that they succeeded in the end—the many reproductions of their works which were produced in the years after the war are a proof that they enjoyed a considerable popularity, at least among the young and the advanced. This success caused the mass of the people who never appreciated this revolution in art to be forgotten. Foreigners who saw these works for the first time and could not understand them at all bore witness to the difficulty of enjoying them without being prepared. But there were also Germans who could not understand why Marc painted his horses blue—for it was this fact to which they most objected—and who went to



the museums only to jeer at this peculiarity. But the opinions of the unprogressive are not usually taken seriously.

Perhaps they should have been. There were some who did not laugh, but were seriously annoyed. It is those whose opinion was disregarded who now dictate. Hitler is one of them. By descent and up-bringing he belongs to the lower middle-class whose taste has never yet controlled the arts. He is not only the dictator of a totalitarian State but also believes himself to be an artist who has hitherto been neglected, and he is one of those who never understood Expressionism. This is the main reason why he, whom one would have thought overburdened by political work, takes an active interest in all questions of art. The details are filled in for him by an army of art masters who, like him, have never been recognized. But it is Hitler himself to whom the last decision is always left. His speeches on art give the only guidance which exists in a completely confused situation.

It was not clear from the beginning of the new Government what would happen to art. There were two directions within the Nazi movement, the one purely conservative, as expressed by the neglected art masters, the other convinced of the national roots and character of the greater part of expressionist art and determined to proclaim it as valuable. It is well-known that some of the artists—among them Nolde—accepted this interpretation, and claimed to have been serving the cause, and wanted to become members of the Nazi party. Some of the artists, for political rather than for any other reasons, went abroad. Most of them remained in the country, awaiting their fate. There was still a tendency in their favour in the Ministry of Culture and Propaganda. The real struggle did not begin until the first two years of the "National Revolution" were over.

The national collections of modern art were closed very soon. The director of the Berlin Nationalgalerie was dismissed. A new provisional director was transferred to Berlin from his provincial museum which had been one of the best for modern art. This was taken as a sign that all went well. He began to rearrange the collection, and his new arrangement is said to have been admirable, with a room each for Nolde, Kokoschka, and

Marc in the centre of the gallery. He was one of the enthusiastic followers of the Nazi movement, accepting it from the emotional side and with high hopes for the future of what he regarded as German and great. Before he could open his museum he had to introduce himself to the public in a series of lectures on the situation of art. These lectures which were expected to reveal the new art policy had been eagerly awaited. The first of them was crowded out by all those who had an interest in art: students, school masters, artists, and men in storm troopers' uniforms who might belong to any of these groups. This public's interest was obviously burning, its participation in the lecture noisy to a scandalous degree. The new director gave a survey of the history of German art from the Nazi point of view: he acknowledged the art of the first 1000 years of the Christian Era as "German," but described the classic sculpture of the cathedrals of the 13th century as "foreign" by virtue of its static quality; regretted the foreign influence on Dürer after his journey to Italy; neglected the period of German Baroque and Rococo as one of deplorable degeneration, and celebrated Romanticism as a renaissance of the real German spirit in art. There were people among his audience who had been taught for years that the figures of the cathedrals were the classic German art, that Dürer was the German artist *par excellence*, that Baroque and Rococo were the revival of the Carolingian art of ornament and an expression of the Germanic temperament: their protest was strong. But the storm broke when the lecturer began his defence of contemporary art. One could hardly hear him when he explained why Nolde was really German. And when he came to Marc, who had never been forgiven his blue horses, he had to shout: "Gentlemen, Marc died in the war!"—an exclamation which was meant to procure the dead artist respect in the eyes of these young warriors. In vain; they did not want him to go on. Once more he made himself heard with the words: "I implore you on my knees to listen to me . . ."—then his voice was drowned in the general scuffle. This man was never allowed to lecture again, and his work in the museum was never allowed to be seen. The gallery remained closed until a new director came. He had no more luck: one rearrangement followed another, the

department of contemporary art remaining closed all the time, and at the end of three painful years of struggle he, too, had to go because he was unable to agree with the official art policy, though a Nazi himself.

The fight went on in all the circles concerned: at all universities, where the professors dared to make allusions to these happenings; in all the museums where many of the officials were dismissed; among the art students who did not know where they were; in the ministries of Education and of Propaganda where two different trends could still be observed. Exhibitions in private galleries were attacked in the papers and closed, the exhibitions of "chambers of horror"—expressionist works carefully selected and hung so that they appeared in a very special light—began. Professors, some in open sympathy with other Nazi ideas, published books to defend what they still regarded as German art. They had to revise their books again and again before they could appear. But Hitler put an end to all this. His speech at Munich on the 18th of July, 1937, left no doubt about the fate of German art.

At the opening of the *Haus der deutschen Kunst* Hitler proclaimed that the end of "Modern Art" had come, for real art, being eternal, could not be modern; modern art had been invented by the Jews for the purpose of making money out of people's stupidity; it would now be cherished as a warning and as a monument of the nation's decline during the old *régime*; painters who pretended to see the sky green, prairies blue, clouds yellow, men as cripples, women as appalling creatures and children as a curse would either have to be prevented from passing on this peculiar sight to coming generations by the ministry in charge of questions of inheritance, or would have to defend their case in court of law. "Primitives" and "stutterers" should no longer be seen in exhibitions. The people were to be the judge of art, and the people wanted beautiful art. The fight against the so-called Moderns was to be merciless.

And so it is. All who had hoped that this fight would be forgotten after some time have been disappointed since. The exhibition of "Degenerate Art," opened in Munich at the same time as the *Haus der deutschen Kunst* has been sent to



several provincial towns ; it is now to be seen in Berlin, and it will probably go on for years as a permanent stimulant. It has been much admired for the clever selection of pictures with the maximum capacity to shock the man in the street. Pictures with a pacifist tendency are shown as a mockery of the German soldier and man, pictures which were meant as a parody on bourgeois life, appear as an abuse of the German wife and mother, works painted as an attack on hypocrisy are displayed as sacrilege. The exhibition appeals to all instincts—religious feelings, patriotism, the love of mother and wife—except to the feeling for art. One of its strongest arguments is the indication of the prices once paid for these works—millions of marks coming from the taxes paid by the working people—a very unfair demonstration, for it fails to mention that all these sums consist of worthless Inflation marks. For the more sophisticated public of Berlin the exhibition was altered in many ways : the better pictures do not appear, and others have been substituted.

Collections of modern art have been ruthlessly purged. The pictures were taken down and put away, partly among bicycles in basements and in other places never meant to hide art treasures, until some of them were taken to an unknown destination. The gallery in Berlin where many of the best had been kept, the Kronprinzenpalais, has recently become a part of the Academy of Art—emptied completely of the art objects it had housed for years. Private collectors can, by a new law, be deprived of their treasures any day. They have been afraid of this for a long time, and many of them have lately tried to make a secret of what they owned : they refused to have their possession mentioned even in foreign publications and did not admit visitors who were not introduced by safe friends.

The galleries of dealers concerned with modern art had a difficult time before they gave up. They had to get a special permit for each exhibition they planned, and, when they had got it, it was still possible that they might be forced to close after the first day because the Nazi papers—the most dreaded is *Das Schwarze Korps*—attacked them as Jewish, “Kulturbolshevists” etc. and so relics from a past epoch. Some of

them left the country, some gave up and began to deal in ancient art. Two or three in Berlin go on. They exhibit what can be regarded as most moderate but still modern art, foreign artists who are not extreme but certainly more advanced than a German would be allowed to be.

Even some of the banned artists can still exhibit their works : the galleries invite their " friends " to see them after six o'clock, and behind closed shutters these criminal products of modern art can be admired by a few. No newspaper may mention their names, no placard advertises their works. No publicity is possible to them. Even if they go abroad for a holiday they must get a permit to paint. Naturally, they live in great distress and poverty, and there is no future for those who cannot leave.

There is no future for art in Germany, though artists go on creating even under those conditions, even there. The Nazis will never give up the fight against an enemy representing everything they hate : internationalism, individualism, intellect. The artists, with no possibility of showing their work, are disarmed. Nobody can say a word in favour of these victims of dictatorship to the dictator who despises them as he despises Jews, or Bolshevists. There is no hope for the German Moderns in Germany. The only hope left to them is that, in spite of all difficulties, they will gradually be understood abroad, and that one day they will be recognized as an important factor in European development.

## I'LL SEE YOU TO-MORROW

BY GORDON JEFFERY

**H**E pulled out a packet of Woodbines and carefully selected a fag and rolled it in his mouth, lightly wetting the end with his lips. Then he rang the door-bell hard and loud, and got out a box of matches and lit the fag. Whilst he was still waiting for the door to open he gave a crazy tap-dance on the tiles in the forecourt, idly banging his grey, suede shoes with the black-pointed toes, around and shaking his thin body.

A young girl with very bright blonde hair and blue eyes opened the door and smiled at him. Her mouth was archly painted red, and her teeth very white and large. She was dressed in a close-fitting yellow jumper and a brown skirt.

"Hullo, Babe," he said and caught her as she moved towards him.

"Oh, Harry," she said. "You shouldn't! Not out here!"

He gave her a rough, clumsy kiss and playfully smacked her.

She giggled and broke away.

"I won't be a second," she said.

She ran indoors to put on her coat.

They strolled down the street, arm in arm. She was talking rapidly about her day. He walked as if he was not aware of her presence. He let the fag stay and smoulder in his mouth. It was hanging loosely from the corner.

At the bottom of the street he let go of her arm and went over to an automatic machine and put in a penny. He got out two packets of chewing-gum.

They walked up to the bus-stop and waited.

He finished his fag and slipped a pellet of gum in his mouth.

"Gum?" he said to the girl, thumbing up a piece in the packet.

She nodded, and he handed her a bit. They began to chew stolidly.



The bus came up and they clambered on and went to the front on top.

The conductor came along.

"Two," the boy said, handing him threepence.

They were going to the Speedway. It was Friday. They went every Friday.

There were quite a crowd pushing in at the turn-stiles, but he piloted the girl through. She was still talking excitedly.

Inside they got a place just above the pits. It was their usual place. Harry was crazy about motor-bikes.

They settled for the evening.

Harry was gazing enviously at the bikes propped against the netting of the pit. Occasionally one of the riders would wander out and stroll around the pit. Harry worshipped them all. His bedroom wall was covered with photos of riders.

The girl was still talking but Harry was not answering her. He did not even hear her. She knew this but did not seem to mind.

"Look at the girl over there!" she said, "I don't think she's very pretty, do you? I don't like dark people at all!"

Mechanics were rushing around in the pits, tuning up the machines: kicking them over to see that they were running O.K. The air was filled with the thunderous, snarling roar of the engines. The girl had to shout to make herself heard. The pungent, oddly fascinating, smell of the doped petrol drifted up from the pits. It was like a beautiful perfume to Harry.

The girl sniffed noisily and said.

"Poo, what a stink!"

Harry said nothing.

Suddenly she grabbed his arm excitedly.

"Look Harry!" she said. He looked vaguely interested. "Do you see that boy down there? The one in the green flannels?"

He nodded his head absently.

"I used to go out with him," she said. "He was always . . ."

Suddenly he pulled her round to look at the pits.

He pointed to one of the riders.

"That's him!" he gasped, almost reverently.

"Who, darling?" she said.

He looked astonished at her question.

"Why, Milne, of course! Jack Milne."

"He's pretty good isn't he?"

"Pretty good! He's the champion of the world! Boy—is he good!"

His chest swelled as if he were Milne: anyway he reckoned he *was* Milne!

"Have you ever seen him, darling?" she said innocently.

"Oh no!" he said. "But he's the champion! He must be good!"

She gazed with renewed interest at the rider.

"He doesn't *look* like a champion, does he?" she said.

Harry was not listening to her.

"He's never ridden here before," he said. "I guess he'll find it a bit strange at first. Anyway Jimmy'll give him a good race. Jimmy's a swell kid!"

They were announcing, through the numerous loud-speakers, the riders for the first race. The riders themselves were coming slowly out of the pits and lining up.

Harry spat out his gum and selected another piece. His eyes were fixed on the track. The riders were leisurely lapping round. He absent-mindedly put away the packet of gum. Then he remembered the girl. He got out the packet and handed it to her without removing his eyes from the track.

"Gum," he said shortly.

She took the last pellet and affectionately clung tightly to his arm.

"Darling," she whispered.

"They're off!" he said.

The four riders leaped to the first bend and broadsided round it as if in formation. But down the straight the local lad, Billy Gray, got clear and cut across on the inside. Harry was watching the champion lying third, a thickness of a tyre in front of Jimmy, the local star. The four riders slithered round the near-bend and hurtled by the line at the end of the first lap.

"If Billy can keep the white line he can win this!" Harry said. "Boy, what a race if Jackie Milne finishes third or last!"

But Milne's partner was challenging Billy for the lead and pushing him all out round the bends. He was only a youngster

in his first season, and the terrific speed was too much for him. As he flashed into the last bend of the second lap he did not 'shut-off' in time and slid wide, taking Milne's partner with him. They slid out by the rails, and Jimmy and Jack Milne close behind broadsided madly and nipped in between the others on the inside. And Jimmy was on the white line and hugging it like the devil.

Then they really got 'cracking' and set a smashing pace which left the other pair yards behind. Milne was slamming out down the straights in an effort to pass Jimmy, but the local clung desperately to the white line and kept his lead on the corners. The steward waved them into the last lap.

They took the bend shoulder to shoulder and roared down the back-straight with only a bare tyre width between them, but Jack was putting all he knew into it and was creeping up on Jimmy. Jimmy got panicky and half-glanced to one side.

They came into the last bend before the home straight, and Jimmy felt his machine slithering wide. He fought the dancing thing beneath him but could not control the skid and went out. Milne wrenched his machine round and laid it low on the cinders, and his steel-toed boot dug viciously in a fierce effort to pull his machine into the rapidly increasing gap between Jimmy and the white line. His machine was bent like a V with the back-wheel furiously thrashing the cinders up in a cloud. But he got her round.

Jimmy righted his skid as they came up for the home straight, but Jack had flashed inside and was roaring towards the finishing-post, flashing by it at record speed.

Harry gave a terrible gasp when the race was over and relaxed his tensed nerves. His heart was beating wildly as if he had ridden himself in the race.

"Oh, boy, oh boy!" he murmured repeatedly.

Even the girl had been caught by the brief thrill. Her eyes were dancing with the excitement, and her pale cheeks flushed a tender pink. For a moment the boy and girl seemed blended together.

Then they relaxed.

They were strolling up the street to her home. She was talking rapidly of the evening's outing, and her pale blue eyes



were alive and sparkling. Sometimes she half-choked herself with the excited flow of words. Then she would cough harshly, and her eyes took on their usual unnatural dullness. She worked in a sweaty, draughty laundry and was well on the way to being a T.B. case.

He was still riding and winning races, beating Jack Milne every time.

They stopped outside the door of her home and lingered for a moment.

He was looking, as if seeing her for the first time that evening. She was looking up at him, oddly, pitifully beautiful for the moment. He bent over and kissed her clumsily.

She clung desperately to him.

"You *do* love me, don't you darling?" she said.

"Sure," he said, "Sure, I love you!"

He kissed her again and then broke away.

"I may see you in the morning," she said. "If I can get away."

He drove a van for the same laundry firm. Sometimes she met him in the yard.

"Anyway" she continued anxiously, "I'll see you to-morrow night?"

"Sure," he said, "Sure. I'll see you to-morrow!"

## THE STRATEGY OF THE CHINA CAMPAIGN

BY HERBERT ROSINSKI

THE lack of any clearly defined political or military objective has exercised the greatest influence upon the conduct of the Sino-Japanese War. Politically, Japan was rushed into the conflict against the policy pursued by her last two Governments and by men who feared to see their independence curtailed. As a result there was a very noticeable hesitancy on the part of the Tokyo Government, clearly demonstrated by the limited character of her first demands. This was reflected in the haphazard manner in which troops were mobilized and sent to the Continent as military occasion demanded. As the plan of campaign expanded from a small punitive expedition into a full-scale conflict the same hand-to-mouth policy characterized the economic measures taken to provide for the financial and material needs of the war.

As the evacuation of the Japanese colonies in China as far north as Tsingtao indicated, the Japanese commanders did not seem, at the start, to have contemplated any operations beyond the line of the Yellow River. It was the action of the Chinese Government in opposing any local settlement in the north without its consent which from the beginning upset this plan and transformed a localized expedition into a general conflict. The Chinese made use of the incident at the Hunjao aerodrome near Shanghai to force the Japanese to meet them on their own chosen ground. The result was to complicate immensely the task of the Japanese.

The extension of the war to the Yangtse valley and the south brought to the surface the latent antagonism between the Japanese army and the Japanese navy, each of them bent upon directing the campaign according to its own wishes and interests. Moreover, the army envisaged Soviet Russia as the real enemy, while the navy were primarily concerned with

Great Britain. The prospect of a protracted conflict forced the Japanese to divert a considerable part of their military strength to face the possible danger of external intervention. Against this threat from overseas Japan's naval strength, assisted by her extremely favourable strategic position in the western Pacific, afforded her almost complete security. Only a combination of the two Anglo-Saxon navies could have threatened Japan but such a coalition of naval power was extremely unlikely.

On the Continent intervention by the Russian Far-Eastern army by means of an attack against Korea and Manchuria was not only possible, but would have proved extremely dangerous for the Japanese, once a considerable part of their forces were engaged in China. The anti-Comintern Agreement, however, served to keep Russia's main military strength in Europe, although the strength of the Far-Eastern army alone was sufficient to force the Japanese to concentrate several hundred thousands of their best troops, equipped with the most modern armaments, on the Russian frontiers in East and West Manchukuo. As a result they were obliged to conduct their main campaign to a large extent with reservists and comparatively out of date equipment.

Japan clearly feared the possibility of an attack either from the maritime province of Siberia or Outer Mongolia. Hence the priority given in her war plans to the occupation of Inner Mongolia, the provinces of Chahar and Suiyuan. As soon as the Japanese had succeeded in establishing their hold on the Peking area their first move was the attack upon the Nankao pass, the strategic gate to Chahar and the vital bottle-neck on the Peiping—Paotow Railway. Here, however, they met with unexpected resistance from one of Chiang Kai Shek's central divisions which held the pass successfully for a fortnight until the Japanese by a masterpiece of daring succeeded in turning their flanks where the provincial troops broke and fled.

The complete breakdown of Chinese resistance in Inner Mongolia was a just retribution for the selfish policy of the frontier War Lords towards the Mongols and their leaders in previous years. The War Lords drew an immense revenue from forcing or bribing the Mongol Princes to sell their tribal lands for



practically nothing. They then invited Chinese emigrants, equally helpless against their extortions, to settle, and in consequence they were violently opposed to any form of Mongol unity or self-government. They rejected various offers of Mongol nationalists for an alliance between the two peoples against Japanese encroachments. As a result the leader of this movement, Prince Te Wang, rather reluctantly threw himself into the arms of the Japanese and so contributed to the celerity of the Japanese advance. With their help he succeeded in setting up an Inner Mongolian Government with far firmer foundations than the Chinese puppet governments at Peiping and Nanking. In the meantime the Japanese forces driving south from Chahar over the Great Wall into Shansi met with sterner resistance.

The Shansi troops of Yen-Hsi-shan were distinguished from all other provincial forces by fact that they were adequately provided with artillery. They were, however, indifferent fighters while the Szechwan divisions employed in the defence of the eastern border of Shansi were even worse. On the other hand the best troops of the former Communist forces had been re-organized as a guerilla force of the very highest quality, although too poorly equipped to be of much use in a regular warfare. Finally, in addition to the central divisions already engaged in Chahar, further units of Chiang's central forces were rushed up after the Japanese had broken through the defence east of the Yemen Pass. As a result of the intervention of these well-trained and disciplined reinforcements, the Chinese succeeded in holding up the Japanese advance between Yuanping, south of the Great Wall, and Taiyuan the capital of Shansi for nearly a month between October 12th and November 4th. Resistance finally broke down when another Japanese column forced its way through the Niangtzekuan Pass, the eastern gate to Shansi, and threatened to take them in the rear.

The main Japanese forces in the north did not meet with very strong resistance as they advanced through Hopei, North Honan, and Shantung along the two great railroads Peiping-Hankow and Tientsin-Pukow. On this route, the favourable ground of the great North Chinese plain enabled the Japanese to overcome the various Chinese lines in quick succession.

The resistance of the ragged provincial troops broke down again and again, with the result that by the beginning of November the Japanese had overrun the whole of Hopei and penetrated into North Honan and Shantung without any serious fighting.

Undoubtedly Chiang Kai Shek would have been able to prevent this collapse of the defence in the North if he had been willing to send part of his German-trained units to stiffen the resistance of the provincial forces. But once again, apart from the necessity of keeping the bulk of his forces together for the more decisive struggle in front of Shanghai, considerations of policy intervened conspicuously to divert military action from its rational course.

One of the chief elements in the Japanese plan of campaign had been their anticipation that the War Lord system of personal armies serving isolated territories would contribute to make resistance local and sporadic. But by refusing to enforce its commands on the War Lords and by actually placing reinforcements from other provinces sent to their assistance under their command, the Nanking Government avoided playing into the hands of the Japanese. On the other hand, they attempted to avoid a crushing defeat in the North by directing their forces to concentrate on rearguard fighting and strategic retreats upon the main positions. This policy of Nanking, although entailing the breakdown of the whole defence north of the Yellow River, was in the end completely justified by the fact that nearly the whole army could be withdrawn and united with the forces of the Central Government.

Long before the Japanese advance had reached the Yellow River the northern theatre of war had lost its importance in comparison with the struggle which had developed at the mouth of the Yangtse valley around Shanghai. A local conflict had now expanded into a nation-wide struggle, and Japan could not hope to conquer Chiang and his party unless they inflicted a decisive defeat on the Central Government and advanced successfully up to Nanking. The Japanese discovered that once again they had rushed into a struggle with forces totally inadequate for their purpose.

On their chosen battlefield between Shanghai and the Yangtse River the Chinese enjoyed every geographical advantage

while the countless buildings and villages offered excellent shelter. To the Japanese the innumerable creeks presented most difficult obstacles to frontal attack, and the narrowness of the whole position prevented them from using their favourite manoeuvre of turning the enemy's flank. On the other hand, the Chinese were able to make the fullest use of their best troops assembled there, including all the German-trained divisions. It was only through the surprise landing of Japanese troops in Hanchow bay threatening them in the rear that the Chinese defence was at last forced to retreat from Shanghai after having held their position for nearly three months—in spite of a pronounced inferiority in all forms of mechanized warfare particularly in the air. Two factors combined to transform this retreat into a complete collapse, the Chinese disregard for the counsel of their German advisers, who had planned the lines of fortification between Shanghai and Nanking, and the treachery of the Fengtien troops of Chiang Hsueh-liang, the former War Lord of Manchuria. These troops had already proved their unreliability at Tehsien in the north and now brought about the breakdown of the whole defence system between Suchow and the Yangtse River. The Japanese were enabled to advance without further resistance and within little more than a month they entered Nanking.

Political considerations once more intervened to divert the course of events. The very suddenness of this collapse deceived the Japanese, and they again underestimated the difficulties of their task. They were glad to allow their exhausted troops time to rest while instead of pressing their advantage home they resorted to threats.

As a result Chiang was given time to recover from the worst effects of his defeat. He reorganized his forces and began to raise and train new armies from the immense man-power still at his disposal. When the Japanese did advance they found it difficult to determine whether they should pursue their success in the central theatre of war or should divert their forces to an attack upon the south, Canton and the mouth of the Pearl River where the navy had been, for nearly half a year, conducting a war of its own. Further, the navy had established what amounted to a blockade although out of deference to the



American neutrality act they avoided calling it by that name in their official announcements. This blockade succeeded in interrupting Chinese coastal shipping fairly effectively. However, its main purpose of preventing China from receiving military stores and war materials by the only sea gate left open to it was defeated by the interposition of the British Colony of Hong Kong. As a result the narrow-gauge and single-track railway connecting Hong Kong with Canton became a vital artery for China's continued resistance.

All the efforts made by the Japanese to destroy the Hong Kong Canton railway by continuous bombing from the air did not succeed in interrupting the traffic upon it for more than one or two days. The Japanese knew that their only chance of stopping this inflow of war material would be a landing on a large scale with the object of taking and destroying the railway and capturing Canton itself. Preparations for such an action were actually made after the fall of Nanking in December. Troops were on their way to the South when they were suddenly diverted to the North and the Yangtse valley. The attack upon Canton was indefinitely postponed.

The reasons for this change of plan were weighty. Foremost among them might be placed the strategical maxim, endorsed by the greatest military writers, that the best way to consolidate an advantage gained is to press it home along the same lines on which it had been originally achieved. No less important than this purely military consideration was the political necessity of gaining full control of the Tientsin-Pukow railway so as to unite the two separated puppet governments in territory occupied around Peking and Nanking.

On the other hand, the idea of landing in the south was open to a number of no less weighty objections. Hitherto the sporadic attacks made by the Japanese navy upon the long coast line of south China had served to divert and maintain there a large number of Chinese troops. In the event of a major landing near Canton however, that favourable balance would be largely upset, and substantial forces, calculated at no less than 200,000 men, would be tied up. It would be difficult to withdraw them again for reasons of prestige and equally difficult to maintain them against the overwhelming numbers of the Chinese.

The prospect of a second Gallipoli was not encouraging. But the greatest objection was undoubtedly the political repercussion which an attack upon south China in the immediate neighbourhood of Hong Kong might produce. Great Britain was already greatly perturbed.

Nevertheless, and in the light of recent developments, it may well be argued that the Japanese could not have done better than follow their original impulse. For the supplies of armaments that continued to pour through Canton have been the decisive factor in China's prolonged resistance around Suchow. Moreover, such an attack would inevitably have tended to divert to the south the troops of the neighbouring province of Kuangsi, the best of the provincial forces.

The Japanese plan of attack aimed not so much at the capture of Suchow as at the encirclement and the annihilation of the Chinese defending forces. The main assault was originally directed against the Lunghai railway in the west while the advance against Suchow from the north and south was meant to be a side-show. Unfortunately for the plan, the drive in south Shansi came to a halt where the Yellow River is crossed at Tungkwan. Failing to get across, the Japanese found themselves immobilized by the Chinese guerilla forces surrounding them. The same fate befell the second column advancing along the Peking-Hankow line to Chenchow so that the weak forces, destined to contain the defenders of Suchow, came up against the bulk of the Chinese army.

The Japanese advance was not only arrested but their whole plan of campaign was disorganized. Troops had to be rushed from all sides to prevent the annihilation of their forces in south Shantung. The Chinese were quick to avail themselves of their new advantage. They threw into the struggle all their available forces, lately equipped with field guns, heavy artillery, tanks and armoured cars. It was only after a desperate struggle of more than three months that the Japanese at last managed to concentrate sufficient forces to force the Chinese defenders to Suchow to evacuate.

The success of the Chinese defence was due to the mountainous nature of south Shantung as much as to the breakdown of the Japanese plan of attack. Chiang, too, paid more attention

this time to the counsels of his German advisers while the newly-trained Chinese armies showed a fighting spirit in no way inferior to that of the veterans of the battle in front of Shanghai. Thus, although the Japanese at the cost of a tremendous effort had succeeded in dislodging the Chinese from Suchow and in gaining the full control of the Tientsin-Pukow railway they were as far as ever from ultimate success.

Moreover, the time gained by that action had enabled the Chinese to avail themselves of a terrible but effective ally: the floods of the Hoangho. Since the end of March foreign observers, seeing the dykes in the neighbourhood of Kaifeng fatally damaged by the fighting had called attention to the imminent danger of an inundation as soon as the floods should arrive. By the middle of June, when the Japanese had just started their drive from the North along the Pekin-Hankow railway, the high flood waters of the Hoangho reached that point, broke through the dykes on the southern banks and swept through a large part of Northern Honan. Hundreds of thousands of Chinese peasants were drowned or starved to death, but the Japanese advance was stopped in a sea of water and mud.

In the centre however, on the Yangtse river, these unusually high floods which had thus saved the Chinese cause, though at a truly terrific cost on the Hoangho, proved their undoing. For now even the biggest Japanese men-of-war on the Yangtse could safely move up the river and pass the boom laid down by the Chinese at Matang, silencing with the fire of their 6-inch guns the batteries erected on both banks. The Chinese troops though supported by aircraft could not withstand this new onslaught.

Thus despite the reverse in the North, the way to Hankow seems after all open to the Japanese, but, once again, as so often already during this conflict, too late. Whether Chiang decides to meet them there once more in open battle, or prefers to withdraw west and southwards, one thing is certain, that the capture of Hankow will no more bring about peace than did that of Nanking.



## EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

**N**O State in Europe has better reason to dread an outbreak of war than Belgium, and for that reason what M. Raoul Crabbé writes in the *Revue Belge* on England's attitude has a special significance. He takes it for granted that since

<b>Through</b>	the annexation of Austria, Italy has been
<b>Belgian</b>	profoundly uneasy about her position. Declara-
<b>Eyes</b>	tions by the <i>Führer</i> , affirmations by the Duce, can

be disregarded in face of the facts. All that I have heard from private sources justifies M. Crabbé's assumption; indeed one Francophile friend, having come from what seemed a much divided France into Italy, wrote that it was delightful to be in a thoroughly united country—united in detestation of Germany! Be that as it may, there seems little doubt of Signor Mussolini's eagerness for a good understanding with Great Britain; and to the Belgian observer this is a consummation devoutly to be wished. Close co-operation between France and England may ensure peace in the West; but Herr Hitler's ambitions are directed to the Danube no less than to the Rhine, and here an Anglo-Italian entente seems necessary if Germany's push towards the Balkans is to be checked. Once it became clear that England was ready to make her influence felt to check Nazi aspirations in the East—and this became clear on May 21st—Signor Mussolini's desire to attain the entente with England passed into something much more positive than it had been. That entente was now a major object in his policy. If M. Crabbé is right, we may permit ourselves to believe that the Duce is serious in negotiating for a withdrawal of the Italian "volunteers" from Spain.

Co-operation is only possible for England with one of the two dictatorships. Italian action of late has infuriated the English public, as in times past French action has done again and again.

But there has been nothing in Italian action so revolting to every instinct of British civilization and every British principle of justice as the persecution of Jewry which to-day is open and avowed through the whole *Reich*.

No less than France, Belgium welcomes an approach between Italy and France's ally. In other words, there is less need of Russia to maintain the balance of Europe if England has power, and is willing to use it, in case of necessity, beyond the immediate and obvious limits of English interest—beyond that frontier on the Rhine of which Lord Baldwin once spoke.

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Meanwhile, fear of Germany lessens. It is everywhere recognized that Japan's resources are engaged up to the limit, and perhaps beyond it, in the struggle to reduce China to submission. The Berlin-Rome axis cannot hope

**Check !** for support from that quarter. Quite possibly when a decision had to be taken about the fore-shadowed attempt on Czechoslovakia, there was uncertainty at Berlin as to whether the axis itself would stand any excessive strain. We are not yet out of the wood, it is true. Those in Germany who favour a bold policy will reflect that the joint power of France and England will increase relatively to that of Germany with every week that passes ; and the moment to strike is when harvests are in. Yet the arrest of a formidable forward movement imposed by Czechoslovakia's stubborn determination, and by the announced determination of two Great Powers to support it, has encouraged everywhere a spirit of resistance. Further, in Poland, the State whose attitude has been most ambiguous, events in Czechoslovakia have had notable echoes. Poland has also its minority answering to that of the Sudeten Germans ; and since the Polish Government has assiduously backed the claims made by Herr Henlein, the Ukrainians ask why the same logic should not apply to their case. And Poland, although authoritatively governed, is not a country where criticism of the Government is totally suppressed. There also the supposed weakening of the Soviet's military power must have an effect on policy ; for the less Poland has to fear from Russia, the more reason she has to be afraid of the menace to Posen or to the Dantzig corridor ; and there will be

many Poles unwilling to see further aggrandizement of the *Reich*, even at the expense of a neighbouring State which they dislike with the animosity of unfriendly kindred.

At all events Europe has secured a breathing-space, a time to think over possibilities; and, rightly or wrongly, Europe attributes this to the personality of Mr. Chamberlain. He has a much better press abroad than at home. One result of the delay has been to develop difficulties in Austria. The first enthusiasm of the cheering crowds in Vienna has passed over, and even the Austrian Nazis begin to realize their subjection. They are less accustomed than the Germans to the methods of the sergeant major, to which, even before the war, Germany submitted with a patience not known elsewhere in Europe. It may be questioned whether even the most ardent Jew-baiters of Austrian origin are not a little shocked by the proscriptions enforced under supreme authority—especially since private pillage is no longer allowed.

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In France there has been no small confusion, as is not unusual; but since parliament is prorogued till October, M. Daladier will be able to use with less disturbance the large powers with which

**France** his Government is vested. Control has passed  
**Returns to** back into the hands of the Radicals who have their  
**the Norm** backing in the Senate, a body elected on a restricted suffrage but not at all less democratic than the Lower House. It represents property, that is true, but property in a country where nearly everyone is a proprietor. As M. René Gast puts it in the very able review *Le Mois*, the Senate represents the French countryside—the peasants and the middle class of country towns. That France is more French than the mixed electorate of Paris and the great industrial areas. Almost every senator has strong and close local attachments; but the deputy is often a carpet-bagger. And that is why, although the trade unions rage, the Senate is not likely to be shaken. Besides, the same individualism which splits French political parties into a score of distinct and officially recognized groups, splits organized Labour also: M. Pivert, who was pushing the extreme Left wing into action has been disavowed by the movement as a whole. In short, the *Front Populaire* continues to exist in



name ; no one has taken the responsibility of breaking it officially ; but the direction of policy is now in hands that the Senate trusts, and the very necessary social revolution which M. Blum brought about with too sweeping a stroke is now being organized and methodized with a regard to the necessity of gradualness.

It is not certain that M. Blum regrets this change of pace. The average French observer holds that he has "evolved" considerably. There are, of course, observers who think that M. Daladier is a mere stopgap, that M. Blum will come back to power in October with all Moscow in his train, and that M. Pivert will sweep the industrial regions into agreement with his passionate propaganda. I retain my faith in the fundamental sanity and efficiency of the French. They believe in discussion and in differentiated opinion, without which there can be no liberty ; they believe that the advantages of discipline, which they know, are not worth the sacrifice of liberty. But discussion with them does not end in talk. One of my friends had been a highly-trained horse-gunner, and he described to me the extraordinary way in which the French 75's went into action. In an English gun crew every man has his exact place and movements ; the French would be all round the gun, all talking together, till the piece went off. "Did they hit what they fired at ?" "Yes," he said, "they did."

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In Ireland the new order has been formally installed by the inauguration of our first President ; and Irish soldiers are replacing English in the forts at Cove of Cork. One of the Irish Eyes President's earliest visitors was Mr. Kennedy, the are United States Ambassador to London, and very Smiling emphatic about his Irish descent. Mr. Kennedy knows very well how much friendly relations between Ireland and Great Britain will help to make friendly relations between Great Britain and the United States, and he has been outspoken in his approval of the recent Treaty. In other quarters, too, great satisfaction has been expressed : the Protestant church was proud that the inaugural ceremony should begin with a service in St. Patrick's cathedral, and at the reception the

Primate, Dr. Day, Archbishop of Armagh, was present with half-a-dozen of his episcopal brethren, mixed up among the other hierarchy. Cardinal MacRory, the Catholic Primate, was unfortunately absent from that (and from other important functions, strictly of his own church) through ill-health; but no one who knows even a little of these two archbishops will doubt that there will be as pleasant relations between the two palaces as subsisted when Archbishop Alexander sent his carriage in order that old Cardinal Logue might drive in it to the opening of the new cathedral.

It was natural that orators should hail Dr. Hyde as the successor to the lawful and historic Irish princes. Probably Masaryk and Benesh were similarly affiliated to past glories, and I daresay with no more reality. What has come into power in Ireland is a democracy organized and one might almost say created by Daniel O'Connell; and as one of the brilliant young Irish writers, Sean O'Faoláin, has shown, O'Connell got his guiding principles not from any Gaelic tradition but from French and English thinkers of his century—Voltaire, Tom Paine, Godwin and Bentham. Economically Mr. de Valera and his ministers have found out that Ireland cannot be cut off behind walls; a deal of damage has been done in the endeavour.

False history can do as much harm as false economics; and one of the falsest affirmations in history as taught in Ireland is that the Irish democracy naturally speaks Irish. As well say that France speaks Breton! I know well that the Irish language is for Irishmen a very proper object of study, it holds the keys of a long and most significant past; but it is not the natural organ of our thought. Hugo in his *Quatre Vingt Treize* has a formidable phrase about the peasants of Vendée—"People who speak a dead language: that means that their thoughts must live in a tomb." This would not be true of Welsh; association with religion has kept that tongue fully alive. But the analogy of Breton is exact, and France will not allow French conceptions of education to be hampered by any sentimental tenderness either for the Breton or the Provençal. That does not make France less French: Ireland will only become fully Irish when she realizes that she is as much at home in the language which she speaks as America, or Scotland, or England.

E. V. Lucas, whose death has evoked a widespread sense of personal loss, was the proof how much personality counts for in literary success. Men who can make a moving story, men who can create living characters, men who can set the world laughing—these have a gift assured of its reward, if they can write. He could write admirably ; but he had neither the inventive faculty nor the command of contagious humour. What he could do was to convey on the printed page his personal charm. It was a most friendly and companionable charm. He was interesting because he was interested, with so live an enjoyment in so many things, from cricket to connoisseurship. Perhaps it helped his popularity that he was a scholar by nature without the ordinary academic equipment, for he knew little of any language but his own ; and that made him the more accessible for the general public to whom he was incomparably better known than any critic of his day ; hardly less known even than creative writers like Barrie or Galsworthy or Arnold Bennett.

How Lucas will be remembered in the history of literature it is curious to speculate ; but that he will be remembered is certain : perhaps, like Hazlitt, through a close association with more outstanding names which will prevent the excellence of his own writing from being forgotten. But Hazlitt was disagreeable ; the main fact about Lucas was that everybody liked his company and a great many in the world of letters had reason to remember his kindness. It was instinctive with him to give help and he was one of the critics able not merely to say what is wrong, but to indicate how to go about saying it right. Still, good critic though he was, I do not think that he will survive by his critical writings ; the real fruits of his discernment are in the series of anthologies by which he had his first concrete success. His lifelong study of Lamb will link his name for ever with Elia's (a very sure guarantee against oblivion), and it is admirable that contact with so mannered a writer should not have affected the limpid simplicity of his own style. At most it accentuated whatever was whimsical in the turn of his thought. He wrote novels, of course, when he had become successful, and up to a point wrote them successfully. knowing all the technique of the trade. But they were not the



work of a real novelist, though they also were vehicles for his charm. It would not surprise me if the most lasting part of what he wrote were found in what was written purely to amuse himself and other people—his private correspondence. It is only there that one will find the full characteristic expression of a born man of letters whose curiosity led him to make himself into a man of the world. I knew him best and liked him best in the early days before that process had begun, but I never met him in the latter stage without renewal of liking.

# THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

## FIRTH ON MACAULAY

By SIR JOHN MARRIOTT

COMMENTARY ON MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, by Sir Charles Firth. *Macmillan.* 21s.

This is a most uncommon type of book. I cannot, indeed, recall anything exactly like it. Ranke wrote a very elaborate essay on Clarendon's *History of the Great Rebellion*. But Sir Charles Firth's book is, as its title suggests—strictly a commentary. It contains, indeed, some more general chapters, and it is from these that most readers will derive the greater degree of pleasure and profit. Thus a chapter on Macaulay's Conception of History, is followed by one on his method, and these by chapters on his use of authorities and his use of Literature.

In setting forth Macaulay's Conception of History, Firth relied mainly on the Essay which as early as 1828 Macaulay contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*. The Essay is not to be found in any edition (so far as I know) of *Macaulay's Essays*, but it was included in *The Miscellaneous Writings and Speeches* published in 1860—shortly after Macaulay's death.

I strongly advise anyone who contemplates reading Sir Charles Firth's *Commentary* to read first Macaulay's Essay. In form it is a review of Henry Neale's *The Romance of History: England*. But neither the writer nor his book is so much mentioned. The Essay contains Macaulay's judgment on historians from Herodotus to Mitford, whose *History of Greece* he mercilessly attacked. From that love of the theatrical effect and high-flown sentiment which had seasoned almost every other work on

the same subject his book is perfectly free. But his passion for a theory is false [presumably his assault upon Democracy], and far more ungenerous, and it led him substantially to violate truth in every page". Herodotus wrote "an incomparable book", "something better than the best history; but he has not written a good history." Thucydides, despite grave defects, "surpassed all his rivals in the art of historical narration, in the art of producing an effect on the imagination by skilful selection and disposition, without indulging in the license of invention." But narration is only part of the historian's art, in other parts Thucydides was deficient. For Xenophon "an alarmist by nature, an aristocrat by party," Macaulay has as much contempt as he has for Plutarch. Livy is in a class by himself. "No historian with whom we are acquainted has shown so complete an indifference to truth." But if you can forgive his mendacity, you can give him high praise. Never was "a bad thing so well done." Cæsar's Commentaries are "incomparable models for military despatches. But history they are not, and do not pretend to be." Sallust's most powerful work"—his account of the Cataline Conspiracy—"has rather the air of a clever party pamphlet than of a history," but his talents were considerable. "Of the Latin historians Tacitus was certainly the greatest." That is a verdict from which no one will dissent. But much more important than these verdicts on other historians is Macaulay's analysis of the qualities essential to the "perfect historian." It is too copious for quotation here,

but will be found quoted by Sir Charles Firth (pp. 25—27); and deserves careful study as throwing light upon Macaulay's own ideals and methods.

That his ideals were not attained, and that his methods were, in many respects, faulty, Sir Charles Firth shows in great detail in a series of chapters on *The Army and Navy*, on Macaulay's treatment of Scottish and Irish History, and on his treatment of Colonial and Foreign Affairs. That Macaulay should practically have omitted altogether the history of the British Colonies during the period he surveys is remarkable. But even more remarkable, in view of the fact that he selected as his hero a great continental statesman, is his jejune treatment of foreign affairs, even when the development of the British State was closely affected thereby. To Macaulay's delineation of the character of William III., Firth devotes a separate chapter, as he does to the characters of Mary and of James II.

But it is to the chapter on Macaulay's "errors" that many people will turn with the greatest curiosity. Nor will they be disappointed. It is now, indeed, generally conceded that Macaulay's political bias affected his judgment, both of whole classes and of individual personages. He was not fair, for instance, to the clergy or the country gentry; but his special antipathy was directed against the Scottish Covenanters and the English Non-Jurors whom he classed together as "perhaps the most remarkable specimens the world could show of perverse absurdity." To speak as he does of Archbishop Laud as "a ridiculous old bigot," betrays—to put it at the lowest—a lack of imagination of which no responsible historian, to whatever party he belonged, would today be guilty. We may agree with the Puritan historian, May that Laud was a "man unfit for the State of England." Even Clarendon admitted that Laud was no statesman. But the man who did more than any other to give its distinctive character to the Anglican Church can hardly be described as "ridiculous," however

little you may agree with him. The epithets and the substantive are, however, alike characteristic of Macaulay's style and of his mind.

Enough of Macaulay; a word about Firth. Pupils and colleagues (of whom I am, alas! one of the few survivors) will be glad that Mr. Davie has published his master's lectures. They were far too valuable to be allowed to share the fate of most lectures. But a question obtruded itself: would not the Professor's time have been employed to better purpose if he had continued Gardiner's *History* down, let us say to, the close of the Stuart period? That he was peculiarly well qualified to do so, he proved not only by his admirable *Life of Cromwell*—perhaps the best ever written—but by the volumes on the Protectorate and Charles II. had not at that time attracted the attentions so abundantly showered upon him in the last few years. Dr. Trevelyan had not embarked on his continuation of Macaulay nor had Mr. Churchill begun his great vindication of Marlborough. The field was open to Firth: I regret that he did not till it.

Of Macaulay I take leave in words which he himself applied to a brother historian—"Hume," he said, "is an advocate. Without positively asserting much more than he can prove, Hume gives prominence to all the circumstances which support his case; he glides lightly over those which are unfavourable to it; his witnesses are applauded and encouraged; the statements which seem to throw discredit on them are explained away. . . . Everything that is offered on the other side is scrutinized with the utmost severity; every suspicious circumstance is a ground for comment and invective; what cannot be denied is extenuated and passed by without notice; concessions are sometimes made—but this insidious conduct only increases the effect of the vast mass of sophistry."

Applied to Macaulay this description may seem exaggerated. Was it less so as applied by him to Hume?



## THE EMPIRE BY DAYLIGHT

By W. F. WENTWORTH SHEILDS

**THE CRUCIAL PROBLEM OF IMPERIAL DEVELOPMENT**, Royal Empire Society. *Longmans*. 6s.

**KING, CONSTITUTION, EMPIRE, AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS**, by A. Berriedale Keith. *Oxford University Press*. 8s. 6d.

**THE DOMINIONS AS SOVEREIGN STATES**, by A. Berriedale Keith. *Macmillan*. 25s.

**THE STATUTE OF WESTMINSTER AND DOMINIONS**, by K. C. Wheare. *Oxford University Press*. 10s.

Post-prandial enthusiasm is apt to be stirred by "the greatest Empire the world has ever known." It is a pity that so many people only think of the Empire after an ample dinner; otherwise they could hardly fail to realize that the greatest problems the world has ever known are the inevitable consequence of its greatest empire.

There are, however, small groups, insufficiently honoured, who devote themselves to the immense task of transforming into hard facts the easy visions of the well-dined. Among these special tribute should be paid to the Conference assembled last November by the Royal Empire Society to consider "The Crucial Problem of Imperial Development." It is, perhaps, unfortunate that so ponderous a title was chosen. Many who might have read the volume, which embodies the discussions of the Conference, shied away from this portentous pronouncement. The Empire should not be presented to the public as an intellectual endurance test.

Beyond the front cover, the title is soon forgotten. It may be useful to

explain that the crucial problem is concerned with "economic strength and development"; and it is advisable to add, in the words of the Introduction, that the Conference agreed that "the Empire has never been, and cannot become, a closed economic system." The major conclusion of the Conference follows obviously from this premise. It was lucidly stated by Mr. H. V. Hodson, who acted as rapporteur:—

"I therefore return to the point from which I started this address, that in the stimulation of world trade is to be found the most essential means of progress towards Empire economic development."

But this conclusion was not reached without careful examination of the existing economic conditions within the Empire. Mr. McDougall, who spoke particularly of relations between the Dominions and the United Kingdom, pleaded for a change of emphasis from 'producer' to 'consumer' economics, and for defined objectives in a concerted campaign to improve standards of living. It is not surprising that Sir John Orr has become a major prophet in primary producing countries like Australia and New Zealand: and the possibility of more nearly equating effective demand with the productive capacity of primary industries by means of a rising standard of nutrition deserves to be fully explored.

Of no less interest was Sir Frank Noyce's penetrating analysis of the social and economic conditions of India, which revealed again an urgent problem of nutrition, inter-locked with a system of land-holding, which results in endless sub-division, and an unbalanced relation

between cash and food crops. Lord Dufferin's introduction to the discussion upon the economic needs of the dependent Empire disclosed a broadly similar situation. The Colonies are equally confronted by problems of nutrition and of marketing.

The connexion between Imperial and world economic development was dealt with by Sir John Wardlaw-Milne. As was to be expected, his attention was particularly directed to the need for "a widening co-operation in currency management," which is necessary to raise and to maintain a satisfactory price level, which, in turn, is the condition of increasing consumption, and, therewith, of a rising standard of nutrition and comfort. These considerations, as Sir John was quick to point out, involve political questions, which import such an element of uncertainty as to make the adoption of a comprehensive economic policy extremely difficult.

Foreign affairs are not susceptible of the same clear-cut analysis as can on occasion, be used in economic matters. The Minister of Agriculture complained some time ago that foreign affairs would be simple were it not for the foreigners. The intentions of other Governments are often obscure and unpredictable. For this reason it is well to be cautious in judging foreign policy both before and after the event. Above all, international relations cannot be conducted as nothing more than the performance of a series of legal obligations.

Professor Berriedale Keith, whose profound erudition commands unqualified admiration, appears to be less at home in a diplomatic atmosphere. Its imprecisions and illegalities affront his acute and meticulous intellect, which has been for so long occupied (to the Empire's advantage) with legal and constitutional matters. His letters on Foreign Affairs in the latest volume of his correspondence (1936-37) are marked by a petulant spirit of criticism, and some debatable assertions.

The first part of the book is concerned with Imperial relations, and provides a valuable commentary upon events from the abdication of King Edward VIII onwards. By way of detail, it is interesting to learn that the then Mr. Baldwin consulted Professor Keith over the difficulties raised by the King's intention to abdicate in relation to the sovereign Dominions. The Dominions have for years past had an especial claim upon Professor Keith's attention; and he has recently added yet another treatise to the monumental series of works in which he has minutely examined every phase of political and constitutional development in the Dominions. In his view, "the time seems at last to have arrived when the status of the Dominions can be set forth with a certain measure of assurance that no events in the near future will happen to disturb the essential principles affecting their place in the Empire or the Commonwealth."

Upon this encouraging, and justifiable assumption, "The Dominions as Sovereign States" is written, in order to provide a full and up-to-date conspectus of each Dominion from the aspect of both its external and internal sovereignty. Within the compass of so fleeting a reference it may be useful to make particular mention of Professor Keith's authoritative commentaries upon the new constitution of Eire. It is also worth noticing that the book closes so suddenly as to give every hope that it is not intended to be the final volume of his series.

Mr. K. C. Wheare is another student of Imperial relations, whose earlier book, "The Statute of Westminster," was gratefully welcomed by those who share his interests. His present essay on the same subject is essentially an enlargement of his earlier work, amplified by reference to intervening events. Mr. Wheare has been attracted to a study of the actualities, as distinct from the predictions, of the effect upon Imperial relations of the Statute of Westminster. Perhaps his most valuable contribution is his clear

explanation of the double fact that the Statute only legalized existing relations, and that those relations, between each Dominion and the United Kingdom, are still individual rather than uniform.

The publication of these four books less than a year from the second meeting of the British Commonwealth Relations Conference at Sydney next month is an auspicious omen. Those who believe in the future of the Empire before, as well as after, dinner will be heartened by the thought that there are eminent and capable people determined not to trust the destiny of British peoples to the long odds of a further "muddle through." But it is essential that they should be supported by an informed public opinion, which is an excellent reason for recommending that these books should be read.

**CZECHS AND GERMANS**, by Elizabeth Wiskemann. *Oxford University Press.* 12s. 6d.

**CZECHOSLOVAKIA**, by Lt.-Comm. Edgar P. Young. *Gollancz.* 12s. 6d.

**WATCH CZECHOSLOVAKIA**, by Richard Freund. *Nelson.* 2s. 6d.

**GERMANY PUSHES SOUTH-EAST**, by Dr. Gerhard Schacher. *Hurst & Blackett.* 7s. 6d.

**SOUTH OF HITLER**, by M. W. Fodor. *Allen & Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

The question raised by these five books is: what really is the best method of informing the proverbially ignorant Englishman about Central Europe? Is it to drum, as Dr. Schacher does, a single idea down the ignorant's throat and support it with the author's opinions? Is it to give all the facts, stated in guide-book form, like Commander Young? Or a simple, intelligent picture like Mr. Freund? Is it to paint on a wide canvas, intersperse facts with philosophies, opinions with anecdotes, like Mr. Fodor? Or is it to give a serious detailed and profound study of a single problem, like Miss Wiskemann?

The last is certainly the most satisfactory if real knowledge of one

problem is the aim. Miss Wiskemann has written, under the auspices of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, a first-class book which is a real contribution to political knowledge and the formation of political judgments and one which is urgently needed. Nobody should pretend to a serious opinion on this subject who has not read her book. She traces the Czech-German conflict to its mediæval source, shows how later it became "the most difficult and dangerous of the internal problems of Austria." She describes the efforts made in the nineteenth century to solve the administrative problem and finally indicates how those who advocated territorial and those who advocated personal autonomy for Czechs and Germans within the Austrian State were alike defeated by the inherent difficulties of the Bohemian situation. To-day Henlein has resurrected both these demands, coupled them together and expects the Czechs to grant *both* forms of autonomy, where their Austrian forbears, with an Empire at their backs, found either impossible. The greater part of this book is devoted to the post-war relations of Czechs, and Germans, and, in so far as this problem is a minority problem, Miss Wiskemann examines all aspects of it impartially and critically. But fundamentally this problem is not a minority but a German problem, and the friction between Czechs' and Sudeten Germans, between Czechoslovakia and Germany, is only one aspect of the ill-adjustment of Germany to Europe as a whole.

This is the burden of all these books. The real danger to Europe of Germany's 'push south east' does not lie in Germany's increasing strength but in her increasing isolation from European thought and traditions. At the moment when Germany is making a bid for European leadership, she has turned away from all the ideas for which European civilization stood. It is left to the Czechs, a little-known, small Slav nation to produce a Masaryk, the only philosopher-statesman of our time, and oppose to Germany and the



Southern Germans the principles of freedom and toleration won through centuries of European development.

In dealing with Czechoslovakia, Mr. Young has set himself to deal not with ideas but with facts, and he has produced an imposing array, the majority of which are accurate—though an occasional slip betrays the haste in which the book was written. It is competently produced and will be a useful work of reference.

Mr. Freund's book, which appeared some months ago and was the first general political study of Czechoslovakia, is slight, but achieves its purpose, which is to give a brief and pleasant picture to those without previous information. Mr. Freund manages to impart much information without ever being a bore.

Dr. Schacher, on the other hand, is burdensome on every page, and on every page he repeats the well-worn theme that Germany is pushing south-east. Dr. Schacher has a firm grasp of the obvious but of little beyond. His manner is as inadequate as his matter is repeating, and only in the economic field really should he pretend to give information. (This he does for *The Economist*, the *Financial News* and the *Manchester Guardian Commercial*.) Mr. Fodor arouses one's suspicions with his inner-tube stories and his convincing suggestion that he is in the know of everything which has gone on in Central Europe for the last twenty years. Since he really proves to be in the know of a great deal, he was Vienna correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*; this is excusable, and the blame must be put on American journalists who, intentionally or unintentionally, hide behind a gossip and equate the one with the other. *South of Hitler* is a first-class journalist's book about the countries south-east of Germany; the thread running through it, is the author's wide knowledge of each of the countries concerned. But sometimes Mr. Fodor's judgment breaks down, and there he is typical of the curious blindness of the 'man on the spot.' This is no

criticism of Mr. Fodor, whose book is excellent, but a criticism of contemporary journalism as a means of forming political judgment. The demands of the daily press are too exacting for the cultivation of journalists of the nineteenth-century type who informed and guided the policies of Governments. To-day journalists are serving a different master—the British public, which is ill-informed and irresponsible.

SHIELA GRANT DUFF.

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PHILIP II., by William Thomas Walsh. Sheed & Ward. 18s.

In Elizabethan days Philip II. of Spain was the big bogey-man for little England. The tradition still colours the text-book portraits of the Spanish monarch, the last King, except the Bourbon Charles III., of whom Spain can be reasonably proud. He was not such a monster nor such a fool as he is often represented. Indeed, Elizabeth had reason to be grateful to her Spanish brother-in-law for averting anything like a Roman Catholic crusade against England until she had had time to establish herself firmly on the throne and to teach her rebellious nobles a lesson.

But while Philip has been maligned he was not so wise and benevolent a ruler as Dr. Walsh would have us believe. An American Roman Catholic, Dr. Walsh regards Protestants and Jews with equal distaste, and he looks upon Philip in much the same way as Herr Hitler looks upon himself—as the hero of the struggle against subversive and soul-destroying doctrines. Dr. Walsh has read widely, though by no means critically, and there is much unfamiliar detail in his immensely long book about Philip's private life, his four wives and his children, his amusements and his building and furnishing of the Escorial. But in treating of the King as a statesman he is not the dispassionate biographer but counsel for the defence, seeking to disprove all the charges ever made against Philip and flinging accusations at his adversaries.

Dr. Walsh is probably right in maintaining that Don Carlos was insane and that he died a natural death. But on other much controverted matters he is unconvincing because he is too violent an advocate. His theory, set forth at length, that the English Reformation was the outcome of a foreign conspiracy with which Freemasons had much to do, is grotesque. The alleged evidence for it includes the statement that Queen Elizabeth "was a 'free sister' of the Mercers' Company, itself a secret society"—which illustrates the biographer's profound ignorance of London City Companies. He may well fail, as he does, to understand why the Netherlands resented the intolerant rule of Spain. Dr. Walsh admires Philip for his piety and his unwavering support of the Inquisition, but is evidently embarrassed in having to admit that the Vatican found the Spanish yoke hard to bear and was not sorry that the Armada failed. A dutiful son of the Church who wanted to control the Papacy was a contradiction in terms. For all Dr. Walsh's special pleading it thus appears that his hero was, after all, the autocrat, essentially narrow-minded and suspicious, that other biographers have pictured. Dr. Walsh angrily rejects the verdict of Professor Merriman—the latest and best of the historians of the Spanish Empire—that Spain's rapid decline after Philip's death was due to the King's disregard of sound economic principles. Yet no other equally potent reason for Spanish decline can be assigned. Dr. Walsh seems to think that Philip's piety should excuse him for being a bad ruler. But Cardinal Richelieu, a generation later, showed that a Prince of the Church could govern well in France. Thus Philip of ill memory has not been well served by this admiring biographer, who protests too much.

EDWARD G. HAWKE.

**THE LIFE OF JULES CAMBON**, by Geneviève Tabouis. *Jonathan Cape*. 15s.

Jules Cambon's active part in life began with his service in the war of

1870. At the age of 87, three years before his death, he was still active in the public service of France. He had dealt successfully with the troubles of two great international moments of France, done much to set the French colonization of North Africa on the right track, been the ambassador of his country at the capitals of two of the greatest states in the world, then his country's principal diplomatic representative at the capital during the war and at the Peace Congress, and afterwards the principal figure at the Ambassadors' Conference which did so much to prevent the League of Nations from being prematurely faced with difficulties that might have destroyed its work. His principal service to his country, however, was done in the three years before the war of 1914, when it was due to him as much as to any man that his country was able to go into the war united and with a clear conscience, and the consciousness that everything that could be done and every concession that could be made to avoid the conflict had been done and made.

There is the material here for a great biography, and it must reluctantly be confessed that Madame Tabouis has, in spite of her great knowledge of international affairs and her intimate knowledge of her subject, her work, merely sketched rather than written such a book. The most interesting passages are those which concern the way in which Jules and his brother Paul, perhaps the most successful French ambassador London has ever known, worked together on a common line which combined concession in small points with firmness in essentials and in the end made the essential of the conflict so clear that Great Britain and France were inevitably together in their resistance to the ambitions which they could not peacefully turn aside.

That is perhaps the most important duty of a diplomat. He cannot always influence his country's policy or that of the country to which he is accredited, but he can ensure that every means of conciliation is tried and in the last



resort he can ensure that the issue is clear and that war is not the result of mere muddle and misunderstanding. By both these tests Jules Cambon was the model of a diplomat, and if his niece has done nothing else she has at least shown us enough of his work and the spirit of it to make this clear, and for the rest to supply a number of footnotes to modern history which illustrate clearly the virtues of French diplomacy. With this subject there was hardly the material for illustrating its vices.

There is one respect in which this book is seriously deficient, namely the personal. We are several times told of the wit and charm of the ambassador, and it is visible indeed in his official dealings, but apart from a few letters in the early part of the book we are given nothing of his personal life at all.

ALAN M. WELLS.

**THE FOLKLORE OF CAPITALISM**, by Thurman Arnold. *Yale University Press—Oxford University Press*, 14s.

Before joining the faculty of the Yale Law School Thurman Arnold served an apprenticeship to practical politics as mayor of his home town, Laramie, Wyoming. More recently he has made his mark in Federal circles, as a member of the Roosevelt Brain Trust and legal adviser to the Administration. In consequence he brings to the study of what he calls, not without apology, 'Political Dynamics' a first-hand acquaintance with the actual working of institutions, which enables him to break down the academic departments of law, economics and politics and analyse the actual nexus they form in a capitalist society. To the principles of that analysis, as he stated them in *Symbols of Government*, he adds little or nothing here. The interest and importance of *The Folklore of Capitalism* is its application of those principles to one of the grandest case-histories the social analyst can ever hope to encounter. To anyone who was fortunate enough to witness it the American presidential election of 1936 presented a remarkable spectacle. The most gigantic capitalist

society in the world was ensconcing itself behind the slogans of an almost primitive pioneer economy 150 years out of date—and doing this, moreover, with a view to rejecting the mildest of remedies necessary to preserve it from internal collapse. This not only produced, as Thurman Arnold says, "an inflation of legal learning, the like of which the world has never seen," but also evoked from normally intelligent editors and publicists a flood of hysterical abuse that would have done credit to a revivalist meeting. Yet, greatest wonder of all, with the election lost and won, the anticipated revolution still hangs fire and the rumble of the tumbrils has not yet been heard on Park Avenue. It is the mechanism of these paradoxes that this book takes to pieces with fascinating skill and delicacy. Arnold shows how a 'religious folklore' of Constitution worship fastened itself on the 'thinking man' so as to blind him to the imperative social needs of the day. He shows how the industrial corporation has clothed itself, with the assistance of the 'due process' clause, in the fancy dress of private property, as the personification of rugged individualism; how it has been supported in this rôle by the hocus-pocus of the anti-trust laws and the 'ritual of corporate reorganization.' Lastly, he analyses the pathetic myth of the evils of public and the virtue of private taxation.

But, the exposure complete, Arnold's task is not yet done. It is his plea that we recognize the necessity of these myths in the life of institutions. The folklore of capitalism no longer meets the needs of modern society, but some folklore there must be, because human nature requires it. Upon a frank acceptance of that fact Arnold urges 'the observer of government' to build his platform. But what are the planks in that platform, the social objectives, to be? Arnold does not ask, but somehow takes them for granted—'sensible,' 'practical' or 'humanitarian schemes.' Indeed, the technique once accepted, one "need only worry about the character of the people who are



coming into power . . . Are they good organizers and at the same time tolerant and humanitarian." Is it so simple? If psychiatrists were kings . . .?

H. G. NICHOLAS.

**WAR AT SEA UNDER QUEEN ANNE, 1702-1708**, by Commander J. H. Owen, R.N. *Cambridge University Press*. 21s.

**COLONIAL BLOCKADE AND NEUTRAL RIGHTS, 1739-1763**, by Richard Pares. *Clarendon Press*. 21s.

For over forty years the Navy Records Society has been printing the raw material of Naval History. For over twenty-five years the Society for Nautical Research has been elucidating the technicalities of the subject. And yet, in comparison with the magnitude of these efforts, the final results are a little disappointing. Vast pains are taken to unearth and arrange material, great learning is brought to bear on particular matters of dispute, but of what should be the final product—narrative history—we see but little. This is due, in part, to the apathy of the universities; in part to the difficulty of the task. Especially is it difficult to write the naval history of a period lacking in pitched battles. All the more, therefore, should we welcome Commander Owen's study of naval warfare in the reign of Queen Anne. Tackling an intricate subject in the most able manner, making the fullest use of documentary material, he has produced a book of unquestionable importance. He shows a thorough knowledge of his subject and avoids the naval historian's usual failing—a disregard of parallel events on land. Although accurate and scholarly, he does not seek to impress the reader by the pompous erudition of his footnotes. Although himself a seaman, he disclaims the infallibility of the initiate.

The war with which Commander Owen is concerned was, properly speaking, the first appearance in action of the professional navy created by James II. Only by the beginning of the eighteenth century was there a body

of admirals actually trained in the service since boyhood. This being so, it is interesting to have, from a reliable source, a picture of the navy of the time which is, on the whole, not unfavourable. In some respects, indeed, the navy of Queen Anne seems to gain by comparison with the navy of George III. Mutinies occurred less frequently, punishments were milder and the conditions of service more attractive. The efficiency of the fleet was proved, moreover, at Vigo and Toulon and in a series of other encounters. At Málaga, for instance, we learn from a contemporary account that "All the officers behaved with gaiety, and their actions were gallant." If the results achieved were less striking than those of a later generation, this was no doubt because the combatants were more evenly matched. In describing the various engagements of the period, Commander Owen might perhaps have used diagrams with advantage, his reproductions of contemporary charts being insufficiently explanatory.

In the introduction to his book dealing with 'the prize system as it stood in the middle of the eighteenth century,' Mr. Pares makes a strange admission. "If I had known what it was going to grow into," he writes, "I might have planned it in a different way." He might, indeed. As it is, his baffled readers are left to wish that he had decided at an earlier stage what exactly the book was to be about. With a praiseworthy industry, Mr. Pares has collected a quantity of facts relating to prize-law. In so doing, he has clearly performed a valuable service. Where, however, he has failed is in literary presentation. His facts are there but so chaotically arranged as to make no impression. The weary reader is loaded with information but left unsatisfied. He has no means of judging the relevance of the facts, being wholly in the dark as to what the author is trying to prove.

It may be doubted whether prize-law is a subject well suited for lay investigation. It is the preserve, if not of the

lawyer, at least of the naval historian ; and Mr. Pares (one supposes) can scarcely claim to be either. His work smells of the Bodleian and is as remote from the Inns of Court as from the high seas. The book is plentifully adorned with footnotes, abbreviations, cryptic references and cabalistic signs ; but the effect is spoilt by a curiously ungrammatical style and by the absence of a bibliography. Although likely to be of the greatest use to future investigators in this particular field, this is a disappointing book with as little appeal to the historian as to the general reader.

C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON.

**THE MARTYRDOM OF SPAIN**, by Alfred Mendizabal, with a preface by Jacques Maritain. *Geoffrey Bles*. 10s. 7d.

**HOMAGE TO CATALONIA**, by George Orwell. *Secker & Warburg*. 10s. 6d.

**INSIDE SPAIN**, by Geoffrey Brereton. *Quality Press*. 3s. 6d.

**SPAIN'S ORDEAL**, by Robert Sencourt. *Longmans*. 10s. 6d. net.

The most important aspect of these four books on the Spanish Tragedy is the preface to one of them—M. Jacques Maritain's long foreword to Señor Alfred Mendizabal's "The Martyrdom of Spain." Of Señor Mendizabal's book itself it may be said that it is the work of a sincere and highly cultured Catholic, and that its principal merit is its admirable fairness and objectivity ; qualities rare enough when the subject is contemporary Spain, and the temptation to passionate partisanship difficult to resist. The book covers ground already covered previously by other writers, but if, therefore, it hardly adds to one's factual knowledge, it nevertheless is extremely valuable because of the spirit in which it is written.

But M. Maritain's preface is deeply significant. The Catholic world, especially in England, has been torn and disturbed by the ideological passions raised by the Spanish Civil

War. Official Catholicism in this country has very largely—and the vocal Catholic intelligentsia and press almost entirely—adopted an out-and-out pro-Franco attitude. Fears of anti-clericalism and Bolshevism and the belief that Franco's campaign is a "holy war" account mainly for this.

Many Catholics—of whom the writer of this review is one—are unhappy about this confusion of religion with political aims. M. Maritain, a distinguished French Catholic writer, who does not adhere to any specific political ideology, issues a timely warning against the dangers of this confusion.

M. Maritain, while expressly condemning the anti-clerical excesses of the Republicans during the early phases of the Civil War, equally condemns the excesses by Franco's forces against their opponents. With inexorable logic, and high indignation, he demonstrates that the real tragedy lies in the fact that only too often both sides have committed deeds which are the negation of their vaunted principles. He demolishes the claim that Franco is waging a "holy war" ; and he does so from a strictly Catholic standpoint.

It is not too much to say that M. Maritain's preface is one of the most important contributions to the Spanish controversy yet made, because it is on the plane of the highest Christian morality, divorced entirely from either political prejudice or ideological passion. I would say, as a Catholic, that it renders the greatest service to that universal truth which, beyond and above the clash of political ideas and aims, is the essence of Christ's teachings through His Church.

Mr. George Orwell's "Homage to Catalonia" is very well written, and tells, in vivid style his personal adventures with the "POUM" battalion, during the earlier days of the fighting. Mr. Orwell became a sympathizer with the "POUM"—the Trotskyist Bolsheviks in Spain—because in his view they were not getting a square deal from the Republicans, Anarchists and orthodox Communists. The merit of this book is less as a



contribution to our political knowledge than as a piece of excellent descriptive writing. It is impossible to praise too highly the book's literary merits, whilst refraining from agreement with some of the views it expresses.

To "Inside Spain" Mr. Geoffrey Brereton has brought the gifts of scholarship and a long experience of Spain. The author knows and loves the Spanish people. His book is refreshingly free from partisanship. Like most people who really know Spain he expresses the opinion that the Spanish people will never submit either to Communism or Fascism. He presents the great question mark: assuming that Franco wins the war, how long would the Spanish people submit to any kind of totalitarian system?

"Spain's Ordeal," by Mr. Robert Sencourt, is a brilliant apologia from the standpoint of General Franco. It is skilful, it is eloquent, but it is completely partisan. Thus, while the author marshals the facts to make an indictment against Governmental Spain—and, as regards the early days not without reason and truth on his side—he detracts from the value of this indictment by entirely failing to condemn his hero Franco in the many cases where an equally damning indictment could be made. The use of infidel Moors, and pagan Nazi Germans against the Catholic Spanish people does not draw one word of disapproval from him. Neither is there anything to suggest that Germany and Italy are invading Spain. Again: unlike M. Maritain, he has nothing to say regarding the fact that the Basques, pounded to powder by Franco's pagan German allies, are perhaps the stoutest Catholics in all Spain.

C. F. MELVILLE.

**CHINESE EVERGREEN**, by Victor Purcell. *Michael Joseph.* 10s. 6d.

The author of this strangely fascinating book studied Chinese under the Hongkong Government as a young man, became proficient in the difficult

Cantonese dialect, spent 17 years in Malaya as an official in charge of Chinese, returned to China at the beginning of the war, and under the wing of a Chinese Vice-Minister made an overland journey of many delays, much discomfort and much unconscious humour, from Hankow back to Canton.

This is the framework within which Dr. Purcell has painted the most vivid pictures—how good they are perhaps only those who know China can appreciate, though all will enjoy them—while like so many others he puzzled himself to understand the Chinese secret of life. What is this extraordinary fascination of China? Most writers are so overcome by it that they become quite untrustworthy, leaving out all the smells. Not so Dr. Purcell. He gives us to the full the smells, dirt, noise, disease, the suffocating crowds, the unspeakable inns, the grey crowded towns and villages with their wretched little shops (in Kweilin, provincial capital of Kwangsi, Dr. Purcell went out to buy some souvenir and literally could find nothing to buy), the monotonous, tree-less landscape, the grinding poverty of the people. In Kwangtung and Kwangsi, he remarks that the decreasing purchasing power of the people is as bad for British trade as Japanese competition, because the land is never allowed to rest from bearing and capital is more profitably employed in usurious loans to the peasants than in developing waste ground.

But the special merit of the book is that through these outwardly repellent trappings it makes us feel the charm of the Chinese people and admire their unrivalled poise. Dr. Purcell discusses very fully what he calls the Chinese demand for a harmonious rhythm of life. Some readers may find this confusing. What at least one feels is that even the humblest Chinese has some inborn culture, a command over himself and superiority to circumstance which makes him unique among the nations.

Dr. Purcell saw little evidences of the war, except now and then troops



marching and aeroplanes overhead, nor does he think that the war itself will make much difference to China or that the Japanese will conquer her. As he says, the progress of thought is of infinitely more importance to nations than their battles, and the supremely important thing in China is the outcome of the invasion of Western teaching. He finds her unchanged (as away from the coast she largely is) but anything but unchanging, and he believes that a century hence China will be quite unlike what she is now.

There are many excellent pen pictures of individuals, some of them symbolic; and many good stories, particularly of the foreign doctors at Changsha who, during a wave of Communist executions, found that strangulation (the modern form of capital punishment) spoiled the bodies sent to them for the study of throat troubles. They asked the Governor if he could use some other means of execution, and were much disconcerted when he sent them a batch of live prisoners, begging the doctors to finish them off in any way they pleased!

O. M. GREEN

**GUY DE MAUPASSANT**, by Stanley Jackson. *Duckworth*. 15s.

"Women, always women," murmured Flaubert fondly. "I tell you the muse is the best wench." But Maupassant did not take the advice. Certainly, he would write but, equally certainly, he must lighten the tedium of his office existence by indulging his mad enthusiasm for rowing, his perpetual craving for the embraces of some not-too-particular grisetle.

Perhaps it is unfair to accuse Mr. Jackson of adopting the technique of the Sunday newspaper serial, but the answer is that he invites it. A very real opening has been neglected. Obsessed by the vision of Maupassant's comfortable double bed, he rejects the opportunity of delving deeper into the tragedy.

And what a real tragedy it is! It is the tragedy of an artist who, after ten long years of preparation and

poverty, is suddenly engulfed and brought down by an almost theatrical acquisition of wealth and notoriety. Plagued with the seeds of hypochondria in his blood from birth, Maupassant had already contracted syphilis in his early twenties. Success was his undoing. He plunged to destruction in the arms of the worst voluptuaries in Paris, women who spent one half of the day in adultery and the other upon the confessional stool. Anything to escape the headaches whose meaning he was never to know.

Mr. Jackson is better when he is describing Maupassant's early struggles in Paris, his hatred of the Civil Service, and his rather laughable efforts to become a playwright. Every Sunday morning he would repair to the incredible apartment in the Rue Murillo, sitting attentively by while Flaubert ran his blue pencil through the week's output. Improvement was a slow business. The author of 'Madame Bovary' was kind but firm. He loved his brawny pupil "like a son"—a relationship, incidentally, which has never been entirely disproved—but the moment for publication had not yet arrived.

Mr. Jackson makes altogether too much of Maupassant's obedience to his master's wishes. Ten years in the Civil Service may well have been hell, but it must be remembered that Maupassant was already moving in literary circles, and was receiving constant encouragement from men like Zola, the de Goncourts and Cezanne. Persevering, he may have been, but the path was easier than Mr. Jackson would have us believe.

When, at last, success came, Maupassant, already in the second stage of his illness, was no longer in a position to enjoy it. He shouts to try and still the gloomy whispering of his soul. Frenziedly he rows and plays full-blooded practical jokes, but the underlying streak of morbid pessimism is there, and the end is megalomania. . . . "All day and every day I suffer this frightful sense of threatened danger, this apprehension of coming ill or

approaching death, this presentiment which is doubtless the warning signal of a lurking disease germinating in blood and my flesh."

But he is not mad. He remains lucid until the end, capable of all the refinements of self-observation which show the steady hand of a balanced mind. Of all writers who have ever lived, Maupassant is surely most completely master of the short story. His novels are cheap and tawdry stuff, almost unreadable, but in his tales he is a pure story-teller, whose vision is all the more clear in its very limitations.

JOHN LODWICK.

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**NATIONAL PROVINCIAL**, by Lettice Cooper. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

**LATE HARVEST**, by George Blake. *Collins.* 8s. 6d.

**NOTHING TO CHANCE**, by Charles Plisnier. *Boriswood.* 8s. 6d.

**IN HAZARD**, by Richard Hughes. *Chatto & Windus.* 7s. 6d.

It is difficult enough to lead a really civilized life in London or any other metropolis; the first three of the books here under review demonstrate that it is all but impossible in a provincial town. Miss Cooper uses the broadest canvas for this purpose, and her long novel offers a sensitive and detailed picture of eighteen eventful months in the great (and easily identified) Yorkshire city of "Aire." The most charming characteristic of Miss Cooper's work is that she has an obvious affection for almost all her characters; every one of them, from Ward, the wealthy self-made industrialist, down to Mrs. Oldroyd in her verminous cottage in a condemned back-alley, is presented in the fairest possible light.

Metropolitan readers of *National Provincial*, leading their detached lives, will be impressed by the enormous importance of the Family, which sets, indeed, the keynote for the book. Whether it is the Marsdens or the Hardings, with their generations of

industrial tradition, or the Waltersses, rather nonplussed by their transference from a slum to a new council house, it is the Family that ultimately decides the course of action of its members. Mary Welburn, the native journalist returning from London (for family reasons), having learnt detachment, finds it nothing but a snare in the West Riding, and has to retreat again, her love unsatisfied out of respect for Family.

Some of Miss Cooper's portraits are as shrewd as they are delightful, notably her men of good sense: John Allworthy, the veteran Labour leader; Robert Harding, the generous and unphilosophic Tory; and perhaps best of all, the psychoanalyst Dr. Bate, whose position in the picture is more important than at first appears. It is unfortunate that with so large a cast there should have been so many names mis-spelt; even the heroine changes hers momentarily in the middle. And the old song-title "Ilkla Moor baht 'At" proved altogether too much for a shaky proof-reader.

In *Late Harvest* Mr. George Blake presents a more subjective picture of a smaller community—a semi-residential, semi-industrial burgh on the Firth of Clyde. He has not the wide charity of Miss Cooper, and most of his characters are frankly dislikeable and are obviously intended to be so. Here again the principal character, this time a boy, appears in Garvel from the freer air outside, and here again the tale ends with his final departure for London or beyond, though this time Roddy gets his Livvy, who (we have an uneasy suspicion) is rather too good for him. Livvy Queen, indeed, is a golden girl, and while Roddy runs away from the dirty meanness of Garvel in the middle of it all, she holds on, sticking throughout to her ideal of civilization, and weakening only under the stress of illness and gratitude combined. The sympathetic portrait of Duncan Troup, the minister risen from the ranks, essentially kindly but completely insensitive, is a skilful rendering of a difficult and perfectly genuine type;



and there are some good scenes in the Writer's office and in the new gimcrack suburb.

It is interesting to compare the life of Scotland and the West Riding with that of the small Artesian *sous-préfecture* described by Mr. Charles Plisnier in *Nothing to Chance*. The tempo has scarcely altered since the days of Madame Bovary. The illusion of old-fashionedness is perhaps increased by the slight lack of reality induced into the dialogue by translation; but that is not sufficient to account for the aroma of 19th century smugness that pervades the atmosphere. For one thing, the insistence of the necessity of marriage is scarcely so prevalent to-day among women on this side of the Channel; and the whole of the major plot depends on Fabienne's determination to get married at all costs. That she had the misfortune to pick on a mean-spirited swindler was almost inevitable; but at all events she had the courage to take the shortest road out of the difficulty, which few of her British sisters could have summoned up. It is significant that it was her husband's unfaithfulness to the family business rather than to the marital couch that spurred her to drastic action.

Sex-repression in youth and love-starvation later led her cousin Marcelle into equal unhappiness; and the author skilfully leaves us wondering whether her way out—a series of furtive love-affairs—is any more satisfactory than the other. When women “start by marrying, which is where they ought to end,” as Christa, the third cousin, says, disaster of some sort is inevitable. And it was Christa, who sacrificed home and family to love, that found fulfilment in life. This brilliant psychological study was deservedly awarded the *Prix Goncourt*, a unique honour for an author of nationality other than French (Mr. Plisnier is a Belgian).

Really it is a relief to get away from the atmosphere of office and fireside into the turbulent air of Mr. Hughes's hurricane. In *Hazard* is, baldly, an

account of the week's adventure of an oil-driven cargo steamer in a West Indian vortical storm. But the author's mastery of lucid prose and his brilliant insight into the mind of the seafaring man make it far more than this. Every event, every member of the crew of the *Archimedes* stands out distinct in the memory; the mechanical details (for example) of the progressive failure of the engines, followed by the heroic efforts of the engine-room staff first vainly to arrest the disaster, then successfully to minimize its results are treated with saga-like forthrightness. The wording has almost the stark economy of an official report.

Elsewhere we are reminded of the Richard Hughes of *A High Wind In Jamaica*, as when the exhausted brain of Dick Watchett reviews his childhood during the unceasing labour of saving the ship. Every aspect, subjective or objective, of the struggle between man and the forces of hostile nature is treated with dispassionate brilliance, and one reviewer at any rate found it impossible to put down the book before reading it through to the last sentence. The printers and publishers are to be thanked for the beautifully simple production of the volume, really worthy of its contents.

L. RUSSELL MUIRHEAD.

#### MISCELLANEA

THE GREY DIPLOMATISTS, by Lt.-Commr. Kenneth Edwards, R.N. *Rich and Cowan*. 15s.

Lieut.-Commander Kenneth Edwards has established himself as one of the soundest critics among the younger generation of writers on naval affairs. This study of the British Navy as a political and diplomatic factor is first-class. It begins in Constantinople (where the Allied occupation lasted for four years), takes in the Chanak alarm and the events leading up to the Treaty of Lausanne—the first, but not the last, example of “a dictator gaining his ends in the teeth of the power of



Britannia—continues with a cogent appreciation of what was involved in the Corfu affair, and so leads on, naturally, to the conflict with a militant Italy of which we have certainly not seen the end. Thus, at first, when Bolshevik Russia was the bogey-man, we see "the British lion . . . stirring to some purpose" then a gradual recognition in naval circles, though not, always among the political leaders that in the new constellation of power "the British Navy would be able to deal faithfully with only one area of trouble" at a time. The details of the crisis of 1935-36 are recounted with pith and vigour: "in the first eight months of 1935 the British Government made well-nigh every mistake it was possible for a Government to make." And then, since the era of "excessive disarmament and economy" was closed, the author feels he can conclude on a note of guarded optimism. The chapters dealing with the British Navy's rôle in connection with the Spanish war are especially valuable just now. They indicate that peace in the Mediterranean has been balanced on a razor's edge more than once, and one can only infer that there may yet be a ticklish job for the Grey Diplomats to perform.

**OUIDA**, by Yvonne ffrench. *Cobden-Sanderson*. 8s. 6d.

Miss ffrench has called her delightful biography of Ouida a study in ostentation, a verdict which everyone must endorse, although the author is careful to remember the strong points in Louisa Ramé's character. Ouida, for all her faults—and they were many—had something about her which captured the allegiance of countless people. In spite of her outrageous snobbishness which allowed her to consort with the county and the poor but never with the middle classes to whom she undoubtedly belonged; in spite of her contempt for women and the mismanagement of her personal affairs; in spite of turning her house into a dog's home and in spite

of behaving disgracefully towards those who helped her, Ouida for very many years lacked neither friends nor favour. Her life was a tragedy; a travesty of what might have been, yet she is unlikely to be forgotten. Popularly she is best remembered as a writer of vivid and 'naughty' romances, rich in inaccurate detail, which delighted her Victorian readers and has amused more recent generations. Ouida cared nothing for accuracy in small things so long as her canvas was broad and colourful, but her ability was beyond question and in the period following her mother's death and her own seclusion she wrote many essays of distinction. One of her best on D'Annunzio, to which Miss ffrench draws special attention, appeared in *THE FORTNIGHTLY*, this being only one of her contributions to that the review.

**CONFESSIONS OF AN INNKEEPER**, by John Fothergill. *Chatto & Windus*. 8s. 6d.

Every man jack and woman jill of us who enjoyed Mr. Fothergill's first book, "An Innkeeper's Diary," and most of those who believed themselves to be "not amused", will return now for a second helping from the Fothergill larder. For no man can deny that his inn is well stocked with provisions. Moreover, whatever one may think of Mr. Fothergill, the brutal directness of his writing and the whiplash of his tongue compel the attention of the reader. One does not need to agree with Mr. Fothergill; it is hardly possible, but one can rejoice that his diary has been followed by confessions, which leave the reader with a better knowledge of Fothergill, the man. No doubt it is true that the world would be all the better for some plain speaking. There is a tremendous need for it. But he who speaks plain, does not necessarily speak true. Mr. Fothergill believes that he does, and it is only after the failure of his venture at the Royal Hotel, Ascot, that he appears before his reader in a more sympathetic light. It is to his credit that he carries

his reader with him in his quest for a new job, and there is not a single one of us who will not wish him, and Mrs. Fothergill, and the children, every happiness at *The Three Swans* in Market Harborough.

**THE YACHTSMAN'S WEEK-END BOOK**, by John Irving and Douglas Service. *Seeley Service.* 8s. 6d.

This book is sufficient to make every-one wish himself a yachtsman, and the best review would be to give a catalogue of chapters to draw attention to the wealth of material contained in more than five hundred pages. From the start it hits exactly the right note of pleasure to be gained from information attractively supplied, with illustrations to clarify—see Bends, Hitches & Ornamental Knots—and others to embellish—see Ships That Pass and tail-pieces—the text. Like all good week-end books it is a complete reference volume for its subject as well as the best reading for a deck chair or a night-cap. There is everything from Time, Measurements, Rule of the Road and Other Frivolities to Repairs to Crew & Ship, Stores & Provisions, Fishing, Chanties, Signals, Stars and in fact nearly thirty chapters on nearly thirty different subjects, all of them interesting, all of them jolly.

**A HISTORY OF CRICKET**, by H. S. Altham and E. W. Swanton. *Allen and Unwin.* 8s. 6d.

This is a second edition of a book, published as long ago as 1926, and now brought up to date with the assistance of Mr. Swanton, who had no part in the earlier volume. Cricket has a library of many hundreds of volumes, but Mr. Altham's work is ranked for its scholarship and its fine writing among the ten best books ever written on the game. It is a splendid story from the proud days of the Hambledon Club to a time when Test matches at Lord's are reported by a corps of press-men, broadcast ball by ball to thousands and televised for the privileged few. The book remembers every phase of cricket. The great names, Alfred Mynn, Fuller

Pilch, W. G., Jack Hobbs and Don Bradman are all there, men of very different generations, but bound together by their love for cricket.

**OUR DAILY BREAD**, by Sir Daniel Hall. *Murray.* 6s.

"I wish there had been a book like yours when I attended a village school," comments Mr. Lloyd George and most of us will echo his wish as we turn the pages of Sir Daniel Hall's book, called by him a Geography of Production. Sir Daniel imagines our three meals of breakfast, dinner, and tea and proceeds from there to discuss how everything is grown or made and how much of it comes from Great Britain, how much from abroad, and how much our island consumes. He has a pleasant, simple style and there is a fact in every line. Photographs abound, and there are charts to show production figures and maps to make clear the parts of England in which we may expect the different kinds of farming to flourish.

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## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

*For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY public.*

Mr. Howard Hughes, our twentieth-century Puck, has put a girdle round the earth and once again set tongues wagging on the marvels of air travel. It is eminently desirable that the potentialities for good of the aeroplane should be brought home to us at a time when every day brings more evidence of its death-dealing capacity. But it is no less useful perhaps for us to be reminded now and again that there are limitations inherent in this most prodigious-seeming of man's inventions. This is the subject treated in the first of our articles this month. **H. E. Wimperis, C.B.**, is one of England's most distinguished students of aeronautical matters. An Ex-President of the Royal Aeronautical Society, and Member of Council of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, he was Director of Scientific Research at the Air Ministry from 1925—1937. Recently he has been doing special service on behalf of the Commonwealth Government of Australia. We are fortunate in securing such an outstanding contribution.

The name of **Osbert Sitwell** needs no commentary. Even those who are unfamiliar with his poems, his essays or his novels, have heard of the "memorable" entry under his name in *Who's Who*: where he figures as among other things, founder of the Rememba Bomba League and boasts his recreation "prophecy and waiting for the end." Of his novels *Before the*

*Bombardment* is perhaps the best known, but *The Man Who Lost Himself* and *Penny Foolish*, his latest, have won him many friends beyond his early following. This charming paper, which he has written specially for THE FORTNIGHTLY, will no doubt be published in due course in a further volume of *Discussions on Travel, Art and Life* (1925).

August is the appropriate month for mental rumination. We are happy to publish therefore the reflections of an independent-minded young Conservative M.P. **Ronald Cartland** has represented the King's Norton division of Birmingham since 1935. Before entering Parliament he spent several years working at the Unionist Central Office. By his fearless criticism of old orthodoxies, he has quickly made a name for himself, and he is typical of the 'Radical Tory' element which cleaves to the Disraeli tradition in its deep concern for the condition of the people.

Another new-comer to our pages is **Amabel Williams-Ellis**, daughter of the late St. Loe Strachey, editor of *The Spectator*. Mrs. Williams-Ellis has written a number of works of popular science, and her *History of English life for Children*, particularly, has been much appreciated. For THE FORTNIGHTLY this month she probes into the esoteric rites of the Moscow trials and discovers some most interesting psychological treasure.



We welcome, too, **C. A. Macartney**, Fellow of All Soul's, Oxford, who has made a special study of the mosaic of nationalities living in central and south-eastern Europe. His article on 'Nation and State' supplies the indispensable background to an understanding of Germany's impact upon Europe.

Of the other political articles there is a fresh note in the paper by **E. Morgan Humphreys**, editor of one of the principal Welsh newspapers. Finally, there is an excellent point made by **Sir Albion Banerji** in his brief article on the Indian horizon. Sir Albion was for many years in the Indian Civil Service, and subsequently took office with the States, becoming Prime Minister in Kashmir. His experience of India is therefore wider than most of those who write about her problems. His book *The Indian Tangle*, published

in 1931, provided an admirable *vade mecum* to the Round Table Conference.

Since July 7th Londoners—and country cousins—have had an opportunity of visiting an unusually interesting art exhibition. German art of Modernist and Expressionist tendency, exiled from Germany, is on view at the New Burlington Galleries. '**Gonda Gore**' tells the background story in this month's FORTNIGHTLY—and an illuminating story it is.

A word of salutation to **Sir John Marriott**, who contributes one of the first book reviews this month. A contributor to THE FORTNIGHTLY of thirty years' standing at least, he has recently celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday—and has been heard to complain bitterly when a newspaper gossip-writer announced that he was eighty—'because I have a great deal of work on hand and can ill afford to lose that year'.



# THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

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The English-Speaking Union have recently introduced to Dartmouth House the American idea of panel discussions, a form of debate which protects the listeners from inconsequent interruptions. At panel discussions the subject for debate is introduced by the Chairman, who then invites the first speaker to state his views on the subject. This speaker is followed by another who, broadly speaking, provides the contrary point of view and after he has spoken, three or four other speakers—the panel members—take up the discussion under the guidance of the Chairman. Next all the speakers, including the Chairman, argue, addressing their remarks to one another, rather than to the audience, which hopes against hope that the speakers will get really angry. Towards the end of the evening any member of the audience in danger of blowing up is allowed to let off steam.

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At Dartmouth House Sir Frederick Whyte is usually to be found in the Chair, conducting the discussion with such admirable skill and judicial calm that interest is never allowed to flag. Recent subjects of more than average interest to THE FORTNIGHTLY have been concerned with foreign policy, and on the question of whether or not Great Britain had such a thing, the Hon. Harold Nicolson spoke first, followed by Vyvyan Adams, M.P., and afterwards by George Glasgow of *The Observer*, W. N. Ewer of the *Daily Herald*, and Professor W. J. Rose. This debate was highly entertaining although a little one-sided for Mr. Glasgow soon found himself saddled with the task of explaining Mr. Chamberlain's policy. Needless to say he accepted the responsibility with a wide smile if not with altogether convincing arguments. More recently the discussion was on "The American View of the European Scene" as interpreted by recent British Visitors to the U.S.A., but alas, Lord Astor who was expected to take the lead was unable to attend, and a letter expressing his views was not quite the same thing. In any case, Mr. Herbert Morrison, who spoke second, gave the impression that he was sorry to miss an opportunity for snapping his fingers at *The Times*. He spoke well, as did Mr. Graham Hutton one of the panel members, the others being Professor E. H. Carr and Mr. Frank Darvall.

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H.M. Stationery Office, who have lately moved along Kingsway to York House, have just issued a Brief Guide to Government Publications (price 3d., postage extra). These publications are very wide in scope and are best described in the words of the workman, who stopped as he was passing one of the Stationery Office bookshops and said, "These chaps seem to have got something on everything". And so they have, while the impressive figure of £200,000 for annual sales is an indication of the immense value of their work for, as everyone knows, few productions of H.M. Stationery Office are sold for more than a few shillings or pence.

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The Case for National Parks in Great Britain has been set out in a pleasant booklet (price 2d.), published by the Standing Committee on National Parks from 4, Hobart Place, S.W.1. Professor G. M. Trevelyan in his Foreword draws attention to a vital matter when he says that it is "essential, for any national health scheme, to preserve for the nation walking grounds



and regions where young and old can enjoy the sight of unspoiled nature. And it is not a question of physical exercise only, it is also a question of spiritual exercise and enjoyment". The members of the Standing Committee appeal for the active assistance of every man and woman in support of their work.

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Mr. John Brown is in the news again, for Mr. John Brown has founded a new political group with a programme of "militant patriotic Christian democracy". The programme of this party has as its first item the setting up of a "government of action pledged to restore world leadership to Britain and to put through sweeping social and industrial reforms within 3 years of achieving power". It seeks also to end "class war", to base its foreign policy on "Empire unity", to free the farming community from the tyranny of financial racketeers and middlemen exploiters, to smash "the rings" of international financiers, to destroy "the communist and fascist movements", to revive "real Christianity as a vital element of national regeneration".

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Aerial terrorism as practised in the wars in China and Spain has deeply stirred public opinion. One immediate result has been the convening by the International Peace Campaign (of which Lord Cecil and M. Pierre Cot are joint presidents) of a special Conference in Paris at the week-end, July 23rd and 24th, to determine certain definite forms of unofficial action.

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Another interesting initiative emanates from the group of educated and well-informed students of affairs associated with the French monthly review *Politique* (Edition Spes, 17, rue Soufflot, Paris). This non-party group, with a 'Christian' bias, is taking the lead in forming an international association (yes, yet another, but with a limited concrete purpose!) to group action committees in as many countries as possible to combat this new scourge of humanity. Among other measures to be pursued this association proposes to establish a plain, unchallengeable definition of a military objective, to arrange for clearly-determined zones of immunity, which might be, in fact, protected by air-police units under the control of the Association. It is thought that this crusade, with knights of the air representing a new chivalry, will appeal especially to young men who are impatient of the ordinary pacifist undertakings.